

**THE GRANITE
MONTHLY: A
NEW
HAMPSHIRE
MAGAZINE**



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Vol. IV.

OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 1.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, HISTORY,

AND STATE PROGRESS.

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—OF THE—

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An announcement has been made of the departure for Mexico of an expedition whose object is to make a thorough and systematic investigation of the splendid monuments of antiquity so abundant in Central America and the continuous states of Mexico. The expedition is now in the field, and

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

is a medium of a series of articles fully detailing its operations. These papers, to be continued until the labors of the explorers shall be completed, are written by the chief of the expedition, M. CHARNAY, who is a skilled literary artist, as well as an archaeologist, and is familiarly acquainted through his reading and his actual explorations with the whole subject of Central American antiquities. All the note-worthy features of the ruined cities, the buildings themselves, as well as the more interesting details of their ornamentation, the bas-reliefs and the hieroglyphics, will be fully described, and many of them will be

Illustrated from Photographs taken on the Spot.

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*Yours truly,
A. A. Fowler.*

—THE—
GRANITE MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE, AND
STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 1.

HON. ASA FOWLER.

BY J. N. MCCLINTOCK.

The origin of the name and the antiquity of the family of Fowler in England have never been ascertained. It is probable, from the large number of families of that name known to have existed in various sections of that country early in the sixteenth century, and the high standing of some of them, that the name was adopted soon after surnames came to be used. Edward Fowler, eldest son and heir of Sir Richard Q. Fowler, is said to have entertained Queen Catharine of Arragon at his Manor, near Buckingham, in September, 1514. Froude in his *History of England*, Vol. V. pp. 129 and 131, mentions John Fowler, a member in 1547 of the household of King Edward VI, who was so influential with that young monarch that he was employed by Lord Seymour to secure the royal assent to his contemplated marriage with the Princess, afterwards Queen, Elizabeth, and, subsequently, the royal approval of his already secretly accomplished marriage with Catharine Parr, widow of Henry VIII. Christopher Fowler, an English clergyman, born in 1611, left the established church in 1641 and joined the Presbyterians, among whom he became eminent, and died in 1676. John Fowler, a learned printer, born in Bristol, removed his press to Antwerp more effectually to aid the Catholics, and died in 1579. Edward Fowler, born at Westerleigh in 1632, was distin-

guished as a divine, published a discourse on the design of Christianity in 1676, which Bunyan attacked, and another on Christian Liberty in 1680; was made bishop of Gloucester in 1691, and died in 1714. William Fowler, born about 1560—died in 1614—was one of the poets that frequented the Court of James VI whose works have been preserved. He was a lawyer and clergyman, as well as a poet.

The Fowlers in this country, now quite numerous, as their namesakes were in England three centuries ago, and are still more so at the present day, sprang from several different pioneer ancestors who emigrated to America from various parts of England at different periods, and, so far as known, were in no way related to each other. The subject of this sketch is of the sixth generation in lineal descent from one of the founders of New England, the common ancestor of the great majority of the Fowlers in Massachusetts, and of most, if not all, of those in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.*

PHILIP FOWLER, senior, born about 1590, in the ancient town of Marlborough, in the county of Wiltshire, England, where no less than five fami-

*For a sketch of the ancestors of Judge Fowler we are greatly indebted to MATTHEW A. STICKNEY, Esq., of Salem, Mass., author of the admirable genealogical work of the Stickney Family, who is preparing for publication the Genealogy of the Ipswich Family of Fowlers, from which he descended.

lies of Fowlers are shown by the records to have been living contemporaneously early in the 17th century, came from thence with his family, to Massachusetts in 1634, in the ship "Mary and John" of London, having taken the oath of allegiance and supremacy to qualify him as a passenger at Southampton on the 24th of March. He must have embarked in February, since by an order of Council dated Feb. 24, the vessel was detained in the Thames until the Captain gave bond in £100, conditional, among other things, that the service of the church of England should be read daily on board and attended by the passengers, and also that the adult male passengers should take the oath of allegiance and supremacy. All this having been done, the ship was allowed to proceed on her voyage, but did not reach New England until May. Sept. 3, 1634, he was admitted freeman at Boston, obtained a grant of land in Ipswich the same year, on which he settled in 1635, and where he resided until his death on the 24th of June, 1679, at the age of 88. During his long life, he made a variety of records, but none that any descendant need blush to read. It is remarkable that his homestead in Ipswich has ever since been, and still is occupied by one of his descendants, bearing the family name. His wife, Mary, mother of his children, died Aug. 30, 1659, and he again married Feb. 27, 1660, Mary, widow of George Norton, early of Salem, afterwards Representative from Gloucester. There came over in the same ship with Philip Fowler senior, and family, his daughter, Margaret, and her husband, Christopher Osgood, whom she had married the previous year, and who was the common ancestor of most of the Osgoods of Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

JOSEPH FOWLER, son of Philip senior, born in England, date unknown, married in Ipswich, Mass., Martha Kimball, who came over from Ipswich, England, in 1634, in the ship "Elizabeth" with her parents, and is stated to have been then five years of age. Her father, Richard Kimball, settled in Ipswich,

Mass., and is believed to have been the ancestor of nearly all the Kimballs in this country. His wife, Ursula Scott, was the daughter of the widow Martha Scott, who came over with the Kimballs at the age of sixty, supposed to have been the wife of Hon. John Scott of Scott's Hall, Kent Co., England. Joseph Fowler was killed by the Indians near Deerfield, Mass., May 19, 1676, on his return from the Falls fight. He was a tanner by trade.

PHILIP FOWLER second, eldest son of Joseph, was born in Ipswich, Mass., Dec. 25, 1648. When only two or three years of age, he was adopted, with the consent of his parents, by his grandfather, Philip senior, who made him his heir by deed dated Dec. 23, 1668. He received the rudiments of his education at the famous school kept by Ezekiel Cheever. He was a man of superior ability, and as a merchant, deputy marshal and attorney, quite distinguished. He acquired a large landed estate, which he divided by deeds of gift among his four sons, a valuable farm to each. He married Jan. 20, 1674, Elizabeth Herrick, born about July 4, 1647. He died Nov. 16, 1715. His wife died May 6, 1727. She was the daughter of Henry and Editha (Laskin) Herrick. Henry Herrick, born at Bean Manor in 1604, was the son of Sir William Herrick, and came from Leicester, Eng., to Salem, Mass., where he arrived June 24, 1629.

PHILIP FOWLER third, ninth child of Philip second, was born in Ipswich, Mass., in October, 1691; married there July 5, 1716, Susanna Jacob, daughter of Joseph and Susanna (Symonds) Jacob, and great grand daughter of Deputy Governor Samuel Symonds of that town. He is reported to have fitted for Harvard College, but did not enter, engaging instead in trade and carrying on the tanning business, until he sold out and removed to New Market, N. H., in May, 1743, where he died May 16, 1767. His widow died there in 1773. Before removing to New Market, he purchased of his brother-in-law, Joseph Jacob, for

the consideration of £2000, two hundred and thirty-six acres of land in "New Market in the township of Exeter and province of New Hampshire, with two houses and two barns thereon." The deed is dated Feb. 14, 1737. For fifty-six acres of this land, including the homestead, he was sued by Josiah Hilton in 1760, and after two trials, one in the Common Pleas and the other in the Superior Court, both resulting in verdicts in Fowler's favor, Hilton appealed to the Governor and Council, some of whom were directly interested in the event of the suit as lessors of the plaintiff, and they in 1764 rendered judgment in favor of Hilton, from which the defendant appealed to the King in Council and furnished bonds to prosecute his appeal in England. The Governor and Council granted this appeal, which vacated their judgment, and then at once issued a writ of possession founded thereon, upon which Fowler was turned out of the land and compelled to pay costs. He had executed his will, May 22, 1754, therein devising his large landed estate to his three sons, Philip, Jacob and Symonds, and requiring them to pay legacies to his daughters. The land in controversy with Hilton was devised to the two former sons. The appeal was prosecuted in England by the father and these devisees until after the declaration of American Independence, and in 1777, the Legislature of New Hampshire passed an act authorizing these devisees to bring an action of Review in the Superior Court for Rockingham county to determine the title to this land. Such action was brought by them, and at the September Term, 1778, of that Court, they recovered judgment for the land, costs of Court and costs of former litigation. On the 14th of September, 1778, the Sheriff put them into possession of the property from which their father had been wrongfully ejected fourteen years before. Sarah, daughter of Philip, one of these sons, was the wife of Governor William Plumer and the mother of his children.

SYMONDS FOWLER, the tenth of fourteen children of Philip third, born in Ipswich, Mass., Aug. 20, 1734, removed

to New Market, N. H., with his father in 1743, where he married July 12, 1756, Hannah Weeks, born in the old brick house in Greenland, N. H., August 12, 1738. By the will of his father he inherited a farm adjoining the station at New Market Junction on the Concord & Portsmouth and Boston & Maine Railroads, upon which he lived until he removed, in May, 1778, to a farm in the western part of Epsom, N. H., upon Suncook river, where he resided until his death, April 6, 1821. His wife, Hannah, died there Dec. 9, 1807.

BENJAMIN FOWLER, the sixth of eleven children of Symonds, was born at New Market, N. H., June 16, 1769, removed with his father to Epsom, N. H., in 1778, married in Pembroke, N. H., Jan. 15, 1795, Mehitable Ladd, only child of John and Jerusha (Lovejoy) Ladd of that town, and grand daughter of Capt. Trueworthy and Mehitable (Harriman) Ladd of Kingston, N. H. He settled in Pembroke, after his marriage, on a farm he purchased, and died there July 24, 1832. His widow survived him until Sept. 9, 1853.

ASA FOWLER, the ninth of eleven children of Benjamin, was born in Pembroke, N. H., Feb. 23, 1811. His childhood was spent on his father's farm, his means of education after he was seven or eight years of age being limited to eight or nine weeks of winter school, his services after that age in summer being required in farm work. There were very few books to which he had access, except the Bible and ordinary school books, and his early reading was confined to these. At the age of fourteen he had a very severe attack of typhoid fever, which left him in such enfeebled condition as to be incapable of severe manual labor. Under these circumstances he was sent to the Blanchard Academy in his native town, then under the charge of Hon. John Vose, but with no other intention than that he might become qualified to instruct a common district school. But with opportunity to learn and to read, a desire for a liberal education was awakened, and by alternately working

upon his father's farm in the spring and summer, attending the Academy in the fall, and teaching school in winter, he succeeded in not only fitting himself for college, but in preparing to enter the sophomore class, having attended school only sixty weeks after he commenced the study of Latin. With so meagre and defective a training, he entered the sophomore class at Dartmouth College, at the opening of the fall term, 1830, and although he taught school every winter, was able, nevertheless to maintain a highly respectable standing until his graduation in 1833, when, among the parts assigned to the graduating class according to scholarship, an English oration was given him. He was never absent or unprepared at any recitation during his three years' course. In his junior year he was elected a member of the *Phi Beta Kappa Society*, as being in the first third of his class. He has never sought or received any honorary degree from his *Alma Mater*. After leaving college, he taught the Academy at Topsfield, Mass., for a single term in the fall of 1833, thereby raising sufficient funds to liquidate all indebtedness incurred to defray his college expenses, over and above what he received from his father's estate. Immediately upon leaving Topsfield, having determined to adopt the legal profession, he entered his name as a student in the office of James Sullivan, Esq., then in practice in Pembroke, occupying the office of Hon. Boswell Stevens, disabled by a paralytic attack from which he never recovered. He continued to read books from Mr. Sullivan's library through the following winter. In March, 1834, he came to Concord, N. H., where he has since resided, and entered the office of Hon. Charles H. Peaslee, then a rising young lawyer, and continued with him until admitted to the Merrimack County Bar in February, 1837. While a student in Gen. Peaslee's office, he and Hon. Moody Currier, then a teacher in Concord, undertook the editorship, as a matter of amusement and with no hope of pecuniary reward, of a small

literary paper, called the *Literary Gazette*. It was published weekly for six months, and then once a fortnight for another six months. After Mr. Currier retired from the editorship, Cyrus P. Bradley, a youth of wonderful precocity, and the author, when a mere boy, of a life of Governor Isaac Hill, became associated with Mr. Fowler in the management of the *Gazette*. During a considerable portion of the period in which he pursued the study of the law, Mr. Fowler supported himself by writing for other papers. In June, 1835, he was elected Clerk of the New Hampshire Senate, which office he continued to hold by annual elections for six successive years, discharging its duties to universal satisfaction. In 1846 he was appointed by the Hon. Levi Woodbury United States Commissioner for the District of New Hampshire, which office he has held ever since, except from May, 1871, to May, 1874. In 1845 he was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives from Concord and served as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. Again in 1847 and 1848, he was one of the Representatives of Concord in that body and served upon the same committee in both years. In 1855 he was nominated by the Independent Democrats, or Free Soilers, as their candidate for Governor, and was frequently assured by prominent Know Nothings that if he would join their order he might and would be made their candidate, also; but he was deaf to all such suggestions. After that party came into power and decided to change the judiciary system of the State, he was engaged to draft the bill for that purpose which subsequently became a law. Afterwards, at the earnest and repeated solicitation of Gov. Metcalf, although at first he absolutely declined to do so, he accepted a position on the bench of the Supreme Court as Associate Justice, which he continued to hold, at a great pecuniary sacrifice, from Aug. 1, 1855, to Feb. 1, 1861, when he voluntarily resigned it. During this period of five and a half years, he performed his full share of the

arduous labors of a judge of our highest judicial tribunal, and gave general satisfaction to the bar and the public. If his opinions at the law terms as reported are not so labored as those of some of his associates, they are more numerous, and not less sound and clear.

Immediately upon his resignation, Judge Fowler was appointed by the Governor and Council a delegate from New Hampshire to the famous Peace Congress, which met in Washington in February, 1861, for the purpose of averting, if possible, the threatened secession of the Southern States from the Union, and continued its sessions through the entire month. His associate delegates were Hon. Levi Chamberlain, of Keene, and Hon. Amos Tuck, of Exeter. In 1861 he was appointed Solicitor for the county of Merrimack, and held the office until he resigned in 1865, upon his being appointed one of the Commissioners to revise the Statutes of the State. He was associated in that commission with Hon. Samuel D. Bell, of Manchester, and Hon. George Y. Sawyer, of Nashua. Upon it he labored diligently and successfully, alone superintending the printing of the Commissioners' report, and subsequently, the printing of the General Statutes as finally adopted by the Legislature of 1867. He also attended almost constantly, during the whole period of that Legislature, upon the sessions of the joint select committee to whom the report of the Commissioners was referred, and greatly aided in procuring the speedy action of that committee, and the final adoption of the report of the Commissioners, as amended by the General Court, without protracting the session beyond its usual length. In 1871 and again in 1872, Judge Fowler was a member of the House of Representatives from Ward 6, in Concord, serving on the Judiciary committee in 1871, and presiding over the deliberations of the House, as Speaker, in 1872, with dignity, impartiality and complete success.

Judge Fowler has been one of the most diligent, laborious and successful

lawyers in the State, and the extent of his practice for many years has rarely been exceeded. In September, 1838, after practising alone for a year and a half, he formed a copartnership with the late President Pierce, which continued until April, 1845. During this period of six years and a half, their practice was probably as extensive as that of any individual or firm in the State. Gen. Pierce engaged in the trial of causes as an advocate in nearly every county, while Judge Fowler attended chiefly to office business, the preparation of causes for trial, and briefs for argument at the Law terms of Court. Hon. John Y. Mugridge completed his preparatory studies in Judge Fowler's office, and upon his admission to the bar in 1854, Judge Fowler formed a business connection with him for one year, which expired about the time of Judge Fowler's appointment to the bench. Soon after his resignation of the judgeship in 1861, he entered into partnership with Hon. William E. Chandler, which continued until Mr. Chandler's appointment as Solicitor of the Navy, in 1864.

During his long residence in Concord, Judge Fowler has been quite familiar with the forms of legislation, and has probably drafted more bills for our Legislature than any other man, living or dead. He has originated many laws and procured their enactment, when not a member of the Legislature. Among those thus originated and procured to be enacted may be mentioned the statute authorizing school districts to unite for the purpose of maintaining high schools, and that authorizing towns to establish and maintain public libraries. He worked zealously with Gen. Peaslee to secure the establishment of the Asylum for the Insane, was very active and persistent in securing the establishment of a Public Library in Concord, and a High School in Union District. He has always shown a deep interest in the cause of public education, and for more than twenty successive years served as prudential committee, or a member of the Board of Education in Concord. He

has always been fond of literary pursuits, and has quite an extensive and well selected miscellaneous library. For the last three or four years he has belonged to a class in English Literature, whose weekly meetings, during the winter season, have been devoted with much pleasure and profit to reading the works and discussing the lives, character and times of English and American authors of reputation. He has been more or less connected with various moneyed institutions. He was a Director of the State Capital Bank from its organization under a State charter until his appointment to the bench, when he resigned. He was a Director and President of the First National Bank from its organization until he lost confidence in its cashier, when he disposed of his stock and resigned. He has long been, and still is, a Director of the Manchester and Lawrence Railroad, and for several years was its President. In his religious sentiments he is a liberal Unitarian, although in early childhood he memorized the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism. Educated a democrat, but with strong anti-slavery convictions, he acted with the democratic party until its devotion to the extension of slavery compelled its abandonment in 1846, and for the next ten years he acted as an independent democrat. Upon the formation of the Republican party he joined it and continued in its ranks until in 1875 he resumed his connection with the democracy.

In the spring of 1877, forty years from his admission to the bar, Judge Fowler determined to retire from active practice. A severe illness in the fall of that year confirmed his resolution. Before

his full recovery, by the advice of his physician, he decided to visit Europe. Accompanied by his wife, daughter, and third son, he left Boston on the 13th of April, 1878, and returned to New York on the 17th of October following, having, during his absence, visited the principal points of interest in England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, Switzerland, Bavaria, Austria, Bohemia, Saxony, Prussia, Hanover, Holland, Belgium, Germany and France. He returned home with renewed strength and energy, and has since been in the full enjoyment of health and happiness, in the quiet of his pleasant home in Concord and his beautiful cottage by the sea, near Rye Beach.

Judge Fowler has been peculiarly fortunate in his domestic relations. On the 13th of July, 1837, he married Mary Dole Cilley Knox, daughter of Robert and Polly Dole (Cilley) Knox, of Epsum, N. H., and grand daughter of Gen. Joseph Cilley of the Revolution, who is still living, and by whom he has had five children, four sons and one daughter, all now living. Their names are Frank Asa, George Robert, Clara Maria, William Plumer and Edward Cilley. The oldest son is a lawyer by profession, and has always lived at home. The second son married Isabel, eldest daughter of Hon. Josiah Minot, by whom he has three children, two daughters and a son, and resides at Jamaica Plain in Boston. The daughter has always resided with her parents. The third son lives in Boston. The two last named sons are lawyers in successful practice in Boston, as partners. The fourth son is married, has no children, is a farmer, and resides in Orange, Mass.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

READ AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF HIRAM PARKER, OF
LEMPSTER, N. H.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

FAR from the crowded mart, not long ago,
A boy grew weary of his rural home ;
He longed to see the glitter and the show
Where traffic centered, and in freedom roam.
How small and cheerless had the homestead grown,
But how expansive looked the scene afar !
No more in beauty o'er the hay-field shone
The sun for him ; nor e'en the evening star
With smiling lustre o'er his sweet-heart's roof,
What time the fire-flies rose a tangled braid !
And so he kissed his mother's trembling lips,
Bade Kate adieu beneath the old elm's shade,
Pressed father's hand, and sought ambition's goal.

In speeding train he drew life's future plan—
Great business secrets he would quickly learn ;
For had he not the stature of a man,
And did he not for fortune's favors yearn ?
Yes, neighbors called him " smart," and haply, now
The day had dawned to try his latent powers ;
A smile lit up his smooth unclouded brow,
He saw no thorns among the blooming flowers.
" A few short months," he mused, " will see me rich ;
Then to youth's quiet haunts will I return,
And bring the maiden of my wiser choice ;
And then"—a flying spark his eyelids burn.

Soon on the stony pave of city grand
He roams delighted,—'tis a novel scene ;
Block after block looms up on every hand
So close a corn-husk could not slip between !
His eyes with wonder ev'ry moment fill ;
How brilliant do the great store-windows gleam !
No one around him stands an instant still—
It seems the shifting glories of a dream.

All day with bounding heart he strays around,
At night beneath the gas-light sees the street ;
But somehow he has not true pleasure found ;
He's foot-sore, weary of the noise and heat.
So leisurely he finds his boarding-place,
Wond'ring who milked the kine at close of day,

Who brought the wood—and pictures mother's face,
More sad and thoughtful now her boy's away.
Confused by all the sights, with tired brain
He tumbles into bed and restless lies ;
'The slowly dawning truth comes back again—
"A stranger I, 'mong strangers,"—and he sighs.

The yielding mattress has no soothing charm
Like that old cot beneath the attic stair ;
For song of katydid comes fire-alarm,
The hurly-burly, and the midnight glare.
Across the room where wide-awake he lay,
All night the street lamps' shadows weirdly flit,
He missed the softning touch of moonlight ray
On the white coverlid dear fingers knit ;
The old black cat curled in the cane-seat chair
Beside his couch and the bright valance there !
And oft he thinks of Katy's rozy cheeks
And dimpled elbows with a tender pain ;
And wonders if she's dreaming now of him
With his last rose bud 'neath her pillow lain.

And every time he turns himself in bed
He feels more strongly that he's out of place ;
Thinks of his sweet home life with aching head,—
Strange he had never prized its rural grace,—
For when the sun that morning rose in view
Plump up it came o'er tiles and blackened roof ;
No bannered pomp was there, the eye to woo,
The very chimneys coldly stood aloof !

A great homesickness surged within his breast,
His little store of gold he counted o'er ;
Went out and wandered aimlessly,—nor looked
At things that pleased so much the day before.
And drifting on he came to open door,
The depot's portal through which he had pressed
So eagerly to join the city's roar,
And grasp its riches,—now he longed for rest.
He saw a train all ready to go out,
The black smoke pouring from the engine's stack ;
He heard, as in a dream, the porter's shout
And looked with longing down the shining track !
And something drew him in among the throng*
That moved as if in fear of being late
Toward the ticket-window,—and ere long
He held a card, the syrnabol of his fate ;
For joy it brought among the granite hills,
In two farm houses, with his swift return ;
Fond mother's eyes with tears of rapture fills
And little Katy's cheeks, with blushes burn ;
But good support will worthy old folks gain,
And comfort going down life's sloping shore,

Sweet Kate a husband, good and pure, tho' plain,—
The mart a *loafer* lost, perhaps, no more.

Think not, dear readers, I have drawn for you
A scene from out the boyhood of our host ;
'Tis but a simple tale, yet grandly true,
And proves that plodder, if *content*, does most
To fill a sphere of usefulness and joy,
By walking faithful in the beaten track.
" Far from the madding crowd " and glory's boast,
Who would not rather be the Country Boy,
That from the city's glitter turned him back,
Than he who joins the great ignoble strife
And mid'st temptation wears away his life ;
Or perishes among the throng that meet
To snatch the bauble from king mammon's feet !
Here, within sight of his own chimney smoke,
From early youth our host has plowed the soil ;
His father e'en this glebe round homestead broke
And taught young Hiram in the fields to toil.
His *fifty* years of life in Lempster spent,
Behold our townsman, loved so long and well ;
His brow wears aureole of sweet content,
These fields and crops of worldly comfort tell.
Perchance, he too, in youth did strongly dream ;
The Western fever may have seized his frame,
But yet he saw t'was *Ignis fatuus's* gleam,
And knew that fortune was a coy old dame.
And so he chose the wise, the better plan,
Well knowing that our climate, rough and stern,
Would yield to ev'ry patient husbandman
A timely and a generous return.
To-night we gladly meet ; we take his hand,
Proud of his skill, his influence and truth ;
A factor in the glory of our land,
A bright example to our rising youth.
Long may his uplands gleam with waving wheat,
Long may his valleys bear the tasseled corn ;
In age may riches cluster around his feet,
Poured by our Father's hand from plenty's horn !
May baby lips pronounce that grandsire's name,
The tenderest hands his slightest wish attend ;
And all here gathered fondly hold his fame,
As honored host, as townsman and as friend !

A TRIP TO CARDIGAN—ELISHA PAYNE.

BY EX-GOV. WALTER HARRIMAN.

On a balmy morning of July, 1880, the writer started off for a long-contemplated visit to the summit of Cardigan Mountain. At Franklin, in accordance with previous arrangements, he was joined by an eminent member of the bar of Merrimack County, and the two performed the journey, made the ascent of the mountain, visited historic places, as well as mines, churches, and cemeteries, and returned triumphant at night.

A brief account of this trip may not be entirely devoid of interest. Just above Franklin village, as the readers of this magazine generally know, the train whirls along the shore of a sparkling sheet of water which is popularly called "Webster Lake," from the fact that Daniel Webster, all through his lifetime, was often found fishing in its waters. But Webster gave to this gem of a pond the poetic appellation, Lake Como, from its resemblance to the picturesque lake in Italy by that name.

At East Andover and along the border of Highland Lake, the upward bound train runs due southwest for a time, and directly towards the village of Contoocookville in Hopkinton, but it soon swings to the right and passes up the Blackwater valley between Kearsarge and Ragged mountains. It spins along with lightning speed, giving the alert passenger a bare glimpse of the famous notch at Beetle village, thence onward, passing the coal-kilns on Smith's river, through the deep excavation at Orange Heights, and reaching the "city of the plain" (East Canaan) at noon.

At the Cardigan House in this cleanly village, dinner and a team were ready on our arrival. My friend (Mr. B.) having ascended the mountain some twenty years before this day, felt competent to follow the scanty track unaided, and a proffered guide was re-

spectfully declined. Part way up the mountain slope we pass a small cemetery which is on the right, and a mile further on we pass another, at the "common," which is on the left. These two cemeteries on the Orange hills are well fenced and in complete order. The graves of the departed are generally marked by white marble slabs. A comely, one-story edifice, painted white and having green blinds, standing between these two "cities of the dead," is the Orange church, where not only "the poor have the gospel preached to them," but the rich as well. This church stands on a table-land and commands a broad and magnificent view to the south and west. There is no house or other building near it. We enter this sacred temple on the mountain, as bolts and bars are not required in that moral atmosphere to preserve it from desecration. Ascending the preacher's desk, and opening an ancient bible lying thereon, my friend, reverently, and with great elocutionary exactness, read the fifteenth Psalm.

We pass on over broken ground and deep channels cut by mountain streams when swollen by the floods; pass the mica or isinglass quarries, and reach the terminus of the carriage road. Here is a small farm occupied by a large family. As we reached this place a slight rain came on, and the thoughtful lady of the house said:

"You better put you horse into the barn!"

"Pray, madam, where *is* your barn?"

"Oh, you are in it now; but we call this side the *house*, and the other side the *barn*!"

The sun emerges from the vapory clouds, and, in tropical heat, we toil up the devious way. Just before leaving a wooded ravine and coming out upon the silver-grey ledges forming

the summit of the mountain, our burning thirst is quenched at a spring as clear and refreshing as the waters of Meribah.

Cardigan lifts its silvery head 3100 feet above the sea level. A vast area of smooth, grey rock (embracing hundreds of acres) crowns the summit of this elevation, and the visitor can go from point to point in making observations, without hindrance. The first thing that we discovered, in our ascent, after getting above the region of trees and foliage, was a small flock of sheep standing like silent sentinels on the crest of the mountain. They had sought refuge here from the armies of insects and the excessive heat which prevailed on less elevated positions. We saw no other living thing on that bald height. The day was all we could ask, the air was clear, and the views in every direction were extensive and inspiring. Mountains, lakes and shaded valleys made a landscape never to be forgotten.

We descended the mountain. At its base we made a detour to visit the site whereon stood the dwelling-house and farm-buildings of Col. Elisha Payne, which were erected six or seven years above a century ago. The history of this remarkable man,—though but little known,—is of deep and thrilling interest. He was born and reared in the state of Connecticut, and he probably graduated at Yale College. His birth occurred in 1731, the year before that of Washington. The township of Cardigan was granted Feb. 6, 1769, by the provincial governor of New Hampshire, under the authority of the king, in one hundred and two equal parts. Each of the one hundred and one proprietors had one part, and a glebe for the church of England constituted the other part. The grantees were Elisha Payne, Isaac Fellows and ninety-nine others. The first settlements in this township were made in 1773, by Payne, Silas Harris, Benjamin Shaw, David Eames and Capt. Joseph Kenney. Payne at this time was forty-two years of age. The town was incorporated by the name

of Orange, in June, 1790. Payne went back into the dense wilderness, far beyond the reach of any human habitation, and selected a swell of good, strong land for his farm, near the base of the mountain. The old cellar (28x30 feet) remains, but the place was deserted and the buildings were removed long years ago.

Payne was a trustee of Dartmouth College from 1784 to 1801, and was its treasurer in 1779 and 1780. His connection with the college explains the fact, that when the small-pox broke out at Dartmouth, subsequent to 1780, the afflicted students were carried to this remote and lonely mountain-seat for treatment. Payne had removed to East Lebanon, and settled on the shore of Mascoma Lake, before this occurrence. Several of the students died and were buried, but no stone marks the place of their peaceful rest. The Payne house, from this time forward, was called the Pest House, and was used as such, at a later day, by the authorities of Orange.

Payne had a son (Elisha Payne, Jr.) who graduated at Dartmouth, and who was a man of character and ability. He was the first lawyer to open an office in Lebanon. This office was at East Lebanon, which was then the chief village in that town. He served in both branches of the legislature of this state, but died at the early age of about forty-five.

Elisha Payne, senior, was a man of strong mind and great decision of character. He was the leader, on the east side of the Connecticut river, in the scheme to dismember New Hampshire and annex a tract, some twenty miles in width, to Vermont. July 13, 1778, he was chosen, under the statutes of Vermont, a justice of the peace for the town of Cardigan, in a local town-meeting held that day. He was a member of the "Cornish Convention" of 1778, and of the "Charlestown Convention" in 1781. He was representative from *Cardigan* in the Vermont legislature, under the first union, in 1778, and was representative from *Lebanon*, under the second union, in

April, 1781. In October of the same year, he was chosen Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont, by the legislature of that state, then in session at Charlestown, New Hampshire. In this legislature, fifty-seven towns west of the Connecticut and forty-five towns on the New Hampshire side of that river were represented.

The details of these singular transactions cannot be given in this article. They would occupy too much space. [See History of Warner.] It is enough to say here, that when the bitter and prolonged strife between the two jurisdictions, (New Hampshire and Vermont) was nearing the crisis, and Bingham and Gandy of Chesterfield had been arrested by Vermont officials for resisting the authority of that state, and thrown into jail at Charlestown, and Col. Enoch Hale, the sheriff of Cheshire County, had proceeded under orders from the President and Council of New Hampshire, to release them, and had been seized and summarily committed to the same jail, and the militia of New Hampshire had been put on a war footing to rescue Hale and the other prisoners at Charlestown, Governor Chittenden of Vermont, commissioned Elisha Payne of Lebanon (the lieutenant-governor) as brigadier-general, and appointed him to take command of the militia of that state, to call to his aid Generals Fletcher and Olcott and such of the field officers on the east side of the Green Mountains as he thought proper, *and to be prepared to oppose force to force.* But, bloodshed was happily averted. The Continental Congress took hostile ground against the scheme to dismember New Hampshire, and Gen. Wash-

ington put his foot upon it. In this dilemma the authorities of Vermont, for the sake of self-preservation, relinquished their claim to any part of New Hampshire, and in February, 1782, the second union between the disaffected towns on the west side of this state and Vermont came to an end.

In addition to the offices already named, Payne held that of chief justice of the supreme court of his cherished state (Vermont), a state then stretching from the head-waters of the Pemigewasset to Lake Champlain.

After a life of adventure, of strange vicissitude, of startling success and crushing defeat, Elisha Payne quietly fell asleep in East Lebanon, at the age of seventy-six years. He was buried in the unpretending cemetery near his place of residence in that village. His wife, a number of his children, and other members of the family,—in all, seven persons,—were inurned in the same cemetery-lot, but about a quarter of a century ago, in the late fall, there came a fearful storm, and the gentle brook whose course lies along the border of this receptacle for the dead, suddenly became a rushing torrent, and, breaking from its channel, swept in among the quiet sleepers and carried away most that remained of the Payne family. Winter closed in, but the next Spring such bones as had not found a lodgment at the bottom of Mascoma Lake, as it is usually called, were gathered up—all put into one box and re-deposited in the earth in another part of the cemetery, whereon has been erected, by family relatives, a substantial and appropriate monument. And so ends the story of a life of stern conflict and romantic incident.

ANCESTRY OF GEN. J. A. GARFIELD.

BY L. P. DODGE.

Two hundred and fifty years have come and gone, since Edward Garfield, the first of the name in America, left Chester, England, and landing at, or near Boston, settled in Watertown; and there in the beautiful cemetery of the town, lie buried five of his descendants. There is a tradition in the family that he was married to a German lady, on the passage out; but this is apocryphal, and in fact the record of the ensuing one hundred and fifty years is confined to the half obliterated histories upon the mouldering headstones standing over their mossy graves. Then, in 1766, Solomon Garfield, the general's great grandfather, was married to a widow, Mrs. Sarah Stimpson, and moved to Weston, Mass., where he remained until the close of the Revolutionary war—in which he bore an active part—when, gathering his household Gods, he joined one of the many parties migrating to central New York, and moved to Worcester, Otsego county, bought land, made a clearing and reared his family. Solomon Garfield's son, Thomas, the grandfather of Gen. Garfield, arrived at the years of manhood, married in the town of Worcester, managed, like his father, to wrest a scanty living from the obdurate soil, and died in 1801, leaving four children, Abram, the youngest—and the General's father—being only two years of age. This son was bound out to a relative of his mother's, living near them, named Stone, and by him treated as one of his family. At the age of fifteen—a sturdy broad-shouldered young man—he left his home with Mr. Stone, and went to St. Lawrence county, N.Y., where he obtained employment on a farm, remaining there three years, emigrating thence to Newburg, Ohio, where he was engaged in chopping, and clearing land for the next three years; and in 1820 pushed on to Zanesville, Ohio, where a settlement had already been started by some of his old

friends from Otsego county, among whom was the family of Ballou, with whose children he had been intimate in New York, attending the same school, and sharing their sports, and soon after his arrival, on the 3d of Feb., 1820, he was married to Eliza Ballou, the mother of Gen. J. A. Garfield.

Some fifty years subsequent to the arrival of Edward Garfield at Watertown, Mass., the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove to our shores a party of French protestants who settled in Cumberland, R. I. The acknowledged leader of this colony was Maturin Ballou, who caused the erection of a meeting house, in which for years he preached the pure faith of the Huguenots. As they had neither nails, nor saw-mills in those days, the building was constructed of hewn oak, the exterior covered with shingles, and the whole fastened by pins, and remaining as perfect to-day as when first constructed. From this eloquent divine is descended that celebrated family whose names have been so distinguished in the annals of theology, jurisprudence and statesmanship, and who as a race have been remarkable in the possession of an energy, and force of character which has lost nothing in its transmission to the soldier-statesman, the subject of this sketch. In 1770, Maturin Ballou, a grandson of the French refugee, left the settlement at Rhode Island, and moved to Richmond, N. H., where he was ordained pastor of the Baptist church; his youngest son, Hosea, the founder of Universalism in America, was born in this town the same year. The house in which he was born has long since been numbered among the things that were, its successor standing upon the same site being now owned and occupied by Mr. Noah Perry. Elder Maturin Ballou, the Baptist pastor, is buried near the old homestead, a rough stone bearing the initials M. B.,

alone marking the spot where he sleeps. He was accompanied from Rhode Island, to Richmond, by his cousin James Ballou, who bought a farm in the east part of the town, near the Massachusetts line, and on this farm, in 1801, was born Eliza Ballou, the mother of Gen. Garfield. The house in which she was born, judging from the area of the foundation ruins, was about fifteen feet by twenty, one story in height; but of this nothing is left, save fragments of the cellar walls, and these are so overgrown with trees, bushes and briars, as to be almost obscured; a birch tree eight inches in diameter is growing in one corner of the cellar, and some twenty feet to the south-east of the house, 'neath an old half decayed apple tree, may be traced the outlines of the well, like the cellar walls, covered with a thick growth of shrub and bushes. In the rear of these relics was the orchard, once a field of two or three acres, now a half thicket of thrifty pines and birch, interspersed with a few moss covered mournful looking apple trees, whose withered branches in the fading twilight seem spectre guardians of the desolate ruins. The property is now owned by Dennis Harkness, Esq., and forms a portion of his farm. James Ballou resided on this place until 1808, when he moved to a farm near the center of the town, now owned by Mr. Roscoe Weeks; this place being on the *then* main road from Boston, via Concord to Windsor, Vt.; he opened a store upon the premises and combined merchandising with his farming operations, achieving a remarkable degree of success, and there continuing until his death in 1812, when his widow, disposing of the property, emigrated to Otsego county, N. Y., and settled in the town of Worcester, in which place several of her Richmond friends were already located, and where Eliza Ballou and Abram Garfield first met as school children. James Ballou is supposed to have been buried in the large cemetery near his place; but a careful examination fails to furnish any reliable data; any one of the half dozen weather-beaten, half

defaced slabs of slate, standing near where other Ballous are laid, may be his; but it is involved in too much of doubt and obscurity to be stated for a fact. He was generally known among his townsmen as Conjuror Ballou, and obtained a high reputation among them as a fortune-teller, his predictions, or guesses, being remarkable for their accuracy; he even foretold the hour of his own death, and his prophetic soul sailed out o'er the unknown sea, on the day appointed. Some ten years ago Gen. Garfield and his mother visited Richmond, and at the Weeks house, she pointed out the room in which her father died. At the ruins of his birth-place, the General found some bits of broken pottery, which he carefully cherished as a memento of his mother's early home. The old storehouse at the Weeks place, was torn down forty years ago; the turnpike road having been changed there was no encouragement to keep it up. The house is a one story, unpainted, common looking structure, with nothing in its architecture or surroundings to arouse interest or attract attention; in a few years, when it shall have crumbled to decay, its site may become a modern Mecca, but not till then. A younger brother of James Ballou, named Silas, lived and died on a farm, near the birth-place of Mrs. Garfield; he was a sailor until he was twenty-one, and it is perhaps from him that Gen. Garfield acquired his early love of the sea. At the time that Silas left the briny deep he was unable to read or write, and a sneering remark in relation to his ignorance acted as an incentive, and caused him, all unaided as he was, to procure an excellent education; as a mathematician he was superior to any with whom he came in contact, even compiling an algebra of examples all his own. In addition to his other acquirements he wrote a number of patriotic songs; one of them written for a townsman, a Mr. Cook, and sang by him among his friends, began as follows:

"Old England forty years ago,
When we were young and slender,
Aimed at us a mortal blow,
But God was our defender."

And another, alluding to the early settlers of the town :

"Martins, Cooks, Ballous, and Boyces,
Harkness, Bowen, Boorn and Stone,
Praise the Lord with different voices,
Praise the Father and the Son."

The Boorn referred to in the above lines removed to Otesgo county, N. Y., from Richmond, about five years prior to the removal of James Ballou's widow, and when, in 1814, Mrs. Ballou decided to leave New York for Ohio, Mr. Boorn bought her New York place. He had an adopted daughter, at this time about three years of age, who afterwards married Gardiner Garfield, a fourth cousin of the General's father,

and now living in Royalton, Massachusetts, about three miles from the birth place of Eliza Ballou.

Of the subsequent course of the Garfield family in Ohio, the sad death of the father, devoted courage of the mother, and heroic struggles of the son, until success was achieved, volumes have been written ; but the lesson of encouragement conveyed in each line of his history is of inestimable value, as showing how pluck and honesty, united with a tenacity of purpose, may surmount disaster and conquer impossibilities.

ENSNARED.

BY HELEN MAR.

See the eyes of Beauty glisten.
As she turns her head to listen
To Love's words, her cheeks' soft flushes
Deepen into warmer blushes ;
Underneath her hat's broad brim
Eyes coquettish look on him.

See! the fickle god is smiling ;
Well I know his air beguiling ;
Peeping slyly o'er her shoulder,
If the fire of love doth smoulder,
He will fan it into flame.
And herself will be to blame.

"Listen, sweet, pray heed my warning ;
Clond not thus your life's fair morning ;
Though of good he seems the giver,
Full of arrows is his quiver ;
Surely you will feel their smart ;
Beauty, look out for your heart.

He will fill your soul with anguish,
Leave you then to pine and languish,
Humbly you may sue before him,
Wildly on your knees implore him,
He'll not heed your wild appeal,
Azure eyes can turn to steel.

See the traitor's double dealing ;
While he looks with soft appealing,
Toying with her golden tresses,
Wooling her with soft caresses,
With his straight, unerring dart,
Pierces deep poor Beauty's heart.

Then, without a word, he leaves her,
Caring not though sore it grieves her,
Heeding not her words imploring,
Heeding not her eyes adoring,
Turns away a scoffing face,
Lifts his wings with airy grace.

Beauty, longing, gazing after,
Hears the sound of mocking laughter ;
Plainly now she sees her error,
Turns from him in sudden terror,
But, alas! too late to save,
Love has fettered one more slave.

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS AT NORTHFIELD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

DELIVERED JUNE 19, 1880.

BY PROF. LUCIAN HUNT.

After an absence of many years, it is a pleasure not to be expressed in words that I am permitted to meet once more this great company of familiar faces, and on this bright June morning to assist in some slight degree to celebrate Northfield's one hundredth birthday.

And it is fitting that we should celebrate this. Ever since the peopling of the earth, has the custom prevailed of commemorating the eventful days of a country's, town's, or family's history.

To keep in remembrance past events, all modern nations have their festival days; the Greeks and Romans had their games; and the Jews, their Pass-over, their Feast of Tabernacles, and their Year of Jubilee.

But America's great festival day is destined to be the Centennial; both for our republic as a whole, and for its towns individually; for the Centennial commemorates the event most important in the history of each—its birth. This is not possible in the Old World, as the origin of every nation there is veiled in the dim and distant past. Not so with us. The exact day of every town's birth is known. Our great republic, the United States of America, was proclaimed a nation one hundred and four years ago, on the 4th of July. Our little republic, which we call Northfield, was proclaimed a town just one hundred years ago to-day—that is, on the 19th of June, 1780.

This event you resolved should not pass unobserved. And with you, to *resolve* was to *perform*. And the result is this grand, rousing, social reunion of the present and former inhabitants of the town, this great outpouring and commingling of good feeling and town patriotism, and this meeting of old

friends and revival of past associations; and, in short, this coming together of your whole population—to bid farewell to the old century and to greet the new.

We welcome you, sons and daughters of Northwood, to this gathering of good will and old remembrances! We welcome you in the name of the living present, and in memory of the deceased fathers! We welcome you, one and all, male and female, young and old, from far and near, to this wedding of the past with the present! And may this reunion result in great good to our town and in a blessing to us all.

Northfield is a century old to-day. And since we have reached this first centennial mile-stone of our town's history, let us pause a few hours this morning from that eager looking *ahead*, so characteristic of the Americans, and look *back*—let us, I say, *us* of the fourth generation, look *back*—over the heads of our fathers, our grandfathers, our great-grandfathers—not only to the event we are celebrating to-day—the act of incorporation—but twenty years beyond—to the first *settlement* in 1760, and render deserved honor to that hardy band of pioneers, who left friends and planted their families in the deep solitude of what was then a vast forest—not like the pleasant grove in which we are celebrating on this 19th of June, but tall, dark, pathless, forbidding, and dangerous.

Benjamin Blanchard is generally credited as being the founder of Northfield, though two years earlier Jonathan Heath is said to have built a log hut on the Gerrish intervalle, which was once included within the limits of old Northfield, but now belongs to Franklin. However that may be, by common

consent, Blanchard was the first settler within the present limits of the town.

In 1760, he cut his way through an unbroken wilderness from an old fort in Canterbury, and settled on what is now known as Bay hill. Blanchard was then forty-one years of age. His father, Edward Blanchard, was killed twenty-two years before by the Indians at the old Canterbury garrison. At this time, Benjamin is supposed to have had nine children. "For several years," says Mr. M. B. Goodwin of Franklin, "as far as I can learn, Benjamin Blanchard and family were the only settlers in Northfield. It is an interesting fact to state in this place, that the first Methodist church that existed on this continent was erected the same year in which Benjamin Blanchard erected his log house on Bay hill—in 1760." He opened a clearing for himself on what is now the farm of Ephraim S. Wadleigh—his dwelling standing back of the orchard.

Blanchard's residence was a log house—then, and for many years after, the fashionable style of architecture among the pioneers of Bay hill, and of the town generally. It was a convenient style—not showy, but having a severe Doric simplicity, quite in keeping with the character of the early inhabitants. They were not capacious—containing but one, or at most, two rooms, and with the big families of those days, they must at times have furnished rather close quarters. But they were warm and cosy—easily constructed, for the timber was close at and a few days' labor only was required to transform it into the settler's modest mansion. When the logs were squared by the axe, they formed a solid, massive structure, bidding defiance to winds, and proof against cold and the bullets of the savages, thus making at the same time, comfortable homes and strong fortresses. There are worse homes, let me tell you, in the world even now, than the log hut. Compared with the mud hovels of many parts of Europe, and the board shanties of this country, it was a palace.

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Here, then, Blanchard lived for several years, cut off from mankind by many miles of intervening forest. We don't know, but we imagine, that a feeling of loneliness would creep over him sometimes, when he thought of his isolation from his fellow-man. Perhaps he thought occasionally when the perils around him from beast and savage were greatest, and his struggle with primeval nature the fiercest, that he was leading rather a tough life. It would not be strange, if he had now and then his blue days, when discouraged and heart-sick, he was ready to give up, and retrace his steps back to the old Canterbury garrison. But of his feelings no record tells. He must have suffered privations we know—all settlers did in those times. Many a weary mile may he have trudged—a bag of corn on his back—perhaps even to Concord, or farther, in order to obtain a scanty supply of meal for the manufacture of an occasional bannock for his household, or to thicken their porridge. Such groceries as sugar, tea, coffee, butter, cheese, and the like, we may believe, were rare visitors at his table, and wheaten bread an unknown luxury to him and the little Blanchards.

But after all, this picture has its bright side. If he hadn't beefsteak, he could get bear-steak, merely by burning a little powder. If biscuit was wanting, potatoes, such as new ground only can produce, supplied its place; while rabbits, deer, squirrels, and partidges furnished many a delicious titbit. Besides, the Winnipiseogee—only a mile distant—teemed with millions of shad, and Skendugady, no doubt, was fairly alive with the delicious brook trout.

After all, Blanchard was probably a happy man. His mode of life, we may suppose, gave him perfect health—he had the satisfaction of seeing his clearing growing broader every year, giving him more sunshine and blue sky overhead, and a greater extent of tillage land beneath; while as for loveliness, his little cabin was fairly running over with children, so that he might be as much puzzled where to bestow his

imported young Canterburyites, as was the famous old woman "who lived in a shoe." His home was all the dearer to him from its seclusion. He was decidedly a home body. He couldn't well be otherwise. You didn't see him lounging about the stores, or taverns, or depots, or grog shops, after it was time for honest folks to be abed. Institutions for loafing were not yet invented. His nest, crowded with those nine Canterbury birds and their mother, required and received his presence and protection each night. And he kept good hours—retiring early, first taking care to rake up the coals, so as to find a bed of glowing embers in the morning, for this was before the day of Lucifer matches, and the loss of fire would have been quite a serious misfortune.

Well, in this way, the years came and went, and in process of time he began to have neighbors. The first to follow him was William Williams, whose daughter, widow George Hancock, died at the residence of her son, William Hancock, in Canterbury, Jan. 14, 1860, aged one hundred years, eleven months, and four days. Let her be remembered as the oldest person that Northfield has as yet produced. We'll see what the next century can do in that respect.

Afterwards came Nathaniel and Reuben Whicher, Capt. Samuel and Jonathan Gilman, and Linsey Perkins, and settled on the farm where Warren H. Smith, Esq., now resides. On the Perkins place, opposite Mr. Wadleigh's, was a hut used for school purposes.

The first two children born in town were Aaron Collins, and Ebenezer Blanchard, grandson of old Benjamin and Bridget Blanchard, whose birth took place in 1768. Ebenezer kept a hotel on the Wadleigh farm. His father, Edward, was a prominent man in town—twenty-five years a selectman, often moderator at town-meetings, and served as a soldier throughout the Revolutionary war. The old people, Benjamin and Bridget, were buried on their farm. Years after, the old lady's

gravestone was found among some stones hauled to repair the well.

The settlement had now so far increased that the mail route from Concord to Gilmanton Corner passed over Bay hill. The first post rider was Ezekiel Moore, a native of Canterbury, where his son, Col. Matthias M. Moore, still resides. He carried the mail from 1798 to 1812, and possibly a little later. This was the only regular means of communication the little settlement had with the great outside world, and old people used to tell his son, years ago, with what intense anxiety they awaited the coming of the postman, his father. After Mr. Moore retired from the business, his neighbor, Mr. Tallent, a young man, whose death occurred but a few years ago, succeeded him. A post and box stood at the end of the lane on the Blanchard place for the reception of the papers deposited there by the mail carrier.

A little farther south, down by the Smith meadow, was a log hut, in which lived a Mr. Colby. His wife was a weaver, and for want of bars was accustomed to warp her webs on the apple trees. It would be difficult to find such fruit on our modern apple trees, I reckon.

Esquire Charles Glidden was a leading man in his day, who died in 1811, at the age of sixty-seven. Mrs. Jeremiah Smith known to you so long, was his daughter. She died at the ripe age of ninety-one; and her husband, whose prosperous and useful life three additional years would have rounded out to a century, after a union with her of seventy-three years, all which were passed on the old homestead, and having voted for every president from Washington to Lincoln, at last sunk to rest like a patriarch of old, crowned with length of days, and like a shock of corn, fully ripe. He left three children, viz.—Warren H. Smith, Esq., now leading the life of a prosperous farmer, and who maintains the honor of the patrimonial estate with becoming dignity in the old family mansion, which has been renovated, modernized, improved, and beautified;

Mrs. William Gilman, of Lexington, Mass.; and Mrs. Miles Glidden, for many years a resident of Ohio.

Mr. William Gilman, a hale and vigorous gentleman of about eighty, the most of his life a resident of Bay hill, and his brother Charles, now in Illinois, are sons of Jonathan Gilman, who himself, or his father, was, I suppose, one of the original settlers. His great-grandfather on the mother's side, came from Lee, bought five hundred acres of wild land on and around Bay hill, on which he settled his sons—Reuben, Nathaniel, William, and Jonathan Whicher—many of whose descendants are now in town. The grandfather of Mr. Westley Knowles bought his farm of Nathaniel Whicher—paying for it, so the story goes, with a two-year-old heifer.

Captain Samuel Gilman, Joseph Knowles, and Dr. Kezar were also among the first settlers on Bay hill.

The excellent and very pleasant farms at present owned and occupied by Messrs. Monroe and William Clough, were purchased from Capt. Samuel Gilman about the year 1802, by their grandfather, Mr. Jonathan Clough, who emigrated thither from Salisbury, Mass., and died in 1836, aged eighty-six, leaving the farms to his two sons, Jonathan and Samuel: the former, the father of William, the latter, of Monroe. Could ambition exist at that early day, and in such a small community? Yes. The desire to excel is the same in all ages and places. Capt. Gilman built a barn—the first in town, the wonder of the neighborhood—which barn still stands on the old place. The owner of W. H. Smith's farm determined to surpass it, and the next year built a barn twenty-five feet longer. Whereupon, Esquire Glidden built another with a still further addition of twenty-five feet, and the contest ended.

Another of the pioneers of Northfield was Jonathan Wadleigh, who was a native of Kingston, N. H., served in the Revolutionary army, lived for a while at Bean hill, settled on the south side of Bay hill, on what was after-

wards called the Ambrose Woodbury farm, and finally died in Gilmanton. He was the father of Judge Wadleigh, whose son, Ephraim S., still lives on the first opened farm in town, and of Mrs. Capt. S. Glines, who, after having lived half a century or more at the Centre, returned to her father's homestead on Bay hill, now in the possession of her son, Smith W. Glines, and died at the age of eighty-two, in the same room in which she was born. This much for Bay hill.

As to Bean hill, I suppose it must have been twenty years later, or more, when Lieut. Charles Glidden moved thither from Nottingham, built a log hut, left his wife and two children and went into the Revolutionary army. In his absence, she tilled the soil, felled the trees, and hauled her wood with the help of oxen. After his return, he bought Nehemiah McDonald's farm near the old meeting-house. Mr. Glidden, his wife, and some of the children were buried on said farm. His wife was a Mills, and her mother Alice Cilly. John Cilly, Robert Evans, a Mr. Cofran (father of Col. James Cofran), Gideon Sawyer and brother, Solomon French and brother, were early settlers of this region; and William Smith, the grandfather of Warren Smith, who was moved from Old Hampton by Mr. Glidden. Perhaps his son Jeremiah came with him, as he left Old Hampton, where he was born, when a boy, and went to live in Canterbury.

In those early times, there was no house between Glidden's and what is now called the Rand School-house—some two miles or more. Ensign Sanborn, whose wife was a Harvey, lived not far from there. He probably served in the army for a while.

Mrs. William Gilman, to whom I am indebted for many of the above facts, relates that woods, wolves, and bears were plenty in those times, and carriages very scarce; so that when Esquire Samuel Forrest's mother died, her corpse was carried on a bier laid on poles between two horses to the graveyard by the brick meeting-house, some three or four miles distant.

She further says, that "Old Gen. Dearborn drove the first double sleigh into Northfield on a visit to her grandfather.

I have been able to learn but little of the pioneers and settlement of the Centre and Eastern parts of the town, with the exception of the Forrest family—a short account of which was furnished me by Mr. John Sanborn, which I give in nearly his own words.

"John Forrest came from Ireland when eighteen years of age, and settled finally in Canterbury. Of his four sons, Robert settled in the same town, and the others in Northfield—John on the Leighton Place, William in the Centre district, and James on the farm now owned by James N. Forrest, his grandson. Two of his daughters married Gibsons, and the other one Mr. Clough; and all settled in Northfield. William Forrest settled in the Centre district, or rather commenced clearing the timber in 1774, just before the war of the Revolution broke out. One day, while felling trees, he providentially escaped death by lightning, which completely demolished an ash tree, under which he had designed to take shelter. He enlisted in the war, and served his country with credit. He was the father of fourteen children, of whom thirteen lived to grow up, and all except one attended school near the old meeting-house." To this sketch Mr. James N. Forrest adds: "My grand-father James came here—on the farm where I now live—in 1784, and subdued the forest, erected buildings, built roads, and left a worthy son to inherit his property, and do honor to his name. My father, who was an only son, named me for his father, and I have named one of my sons—Samuel—for him. How long the names will rotate, only the destiny of the family will reveal." I understand that this family has furnished more teachers and held more official positions than any other in town.

Oak hill proper, I am informed, was for the most part originally in the possession of Obed Clough, who was succeeded by the French and Batchelder

families. The later are still represented in that part of the town—among whom the best known face is that of "Uncle Moses," as he is familiarly called, still hale, vigorous, and whole-souled—one of the patriarchs of the town, showing to the younger generation what a life of temperance, industry, with a good conscience, can accomplish towards the attainment of old age.

I quote from Mr. Goodwin again, who says, "Ensign Sanborn, Gideon Sawyer, the brothers Archelaus, Samuel, and Abner Miles, John and Jeremiah McDaniel, Nathaniel and William Whicher, Capt. Thomas Clough, George and Joseph Hancock, and the four brothers by the name of Cross, were in town very early." These, I suppose, mostly settled in the western part. "On the Crosses they had some verses running in this wise:

Cooper Jess and Merchant Tom,
Honest Parker and Farmer John.

These Crosses had a sort of village down at their place on the intervale, opposite the Webster farm. They had a coopering establishment, a store and a tavern there, and it was, in fact, a business emporium for all that region."

The first manufacturing in town was done on what was called the Cross brook. Here, and near the Intervale and Oak hill, were made earthen and wooden ware, lumber, jewelry, and especially the old-fashioned gold beads. They had there a grist-mill, a fulling-mill, and carding machine—the first in use—a grocery, jeweller's shop, and tailor's shop. The father of Mr. William G. Hanaford had a shoe shop, and some one had a blacksmith—or what was then called a shoeing shop. In fact, almost every branch of industry was carried on there in the very first decade of the town's history.

Steven Cross, the great-grandfather of O. L. Cross, Esq., married Peggy Bowen, and settled near Indian Bridge, and raised a family of thirteen children, who were all living when the youngest was forty years old. The oldest, Abraham, married Ruth Sawyer, daughter of old Dea. Sawyer of

Canterbury, who was a soldier in both the French and Revolutionary wars, and who had two sons killed at the surrender of Burgoyne, where the father was also a soldier. Dea. Sawyer owned the ferry two miles below the Cross ferry, and always attended to it himself to the last year of his life, he being within two months and three days of one hundred years at his death. He was the father of twenty-two children, twenty of whom grew up. Abraham-Cross settled near his father Sawyer, and there Jeremiah was born in 1805; but the year before the family had settled on the Winnipiseogee and built a saw-mill ever after known as the Cross mill. Jeremiah married Miss Sarah Lyford of Pittsfield, settled near the Cross mill, and about thirty years ago built, on a beautiful elevation overlooking the mill, a fine mansion in which a few years since he died, leaving behind an enviable character for honor, integrity, and business enterprise. He was buried with masonic honors.

Among the early settlers were also the names of William Kenniston and a Mr. Danforth. The latter was a soldier of the Revolution, and having been wounded, always persisted in saying that he carried the ball still imbedded in his shoulder. The statement was not credited, however, till, years after his death, upon the removal of the remains, it was found that the old soldier was right, for there firmly fixed, so that a hammer was required for its extrication, was found the bullet, embedded in the solid bone.

The three Miles brothers came into town in 1769 or 1770, and settled on one farm; lived on it six or seven years, then sold it to Reuben Kimball of Concord, in 1776. This farm has been kept in the Kimball name to the present time, Reuben giving it to his son Benjamin, who sold it to his brother David, whose descendants are still there. Reuben Kimball was a soldier of the Revolution, and in the battle of Bunker Hill was hit by musket balls three times—once in the crown of his hat, once on the powder horn which

hung at his side (which horn is now in the possession of the present occupant of the farm) and once in the leg, which wound never healed to the day of his death, June 12, 1815.

Well, Time whirls his wheel a little queerly sometimes. Now here is Mr. J. A. Kimball, the last possessor of that farm, whose wife is a direct descendant of Abner Miles, the first possessor of said farm. Said Abner sold his right and title to the farm, and cut off his descendants, heirs, assigns, etc., from all right, title, fee simple, forever and forever, when lo! a descendant of his steps in and claims equal rights with the purchaser. And what is still more strange, it is said to be the result of a suit—not a law suit—which terminated in her favor; and so the descendants of the seller and the descendants of the purchaser both share equally in the blessings of said farm.

Another excellent farm in Western Northfield, which is as well cultivated as any upland farm in town, or perhaps in the county, is the one owned and occupied by Mr. John S. Dearborn, which was deeded to his grandfather, Shuball Dearborn, in 1779, just one hundred and one years ago, by his great-grandfather, who then lived on the Edmund Dearborn place. The deed is still preserved in the old family chest. Shuball was married in home-spun, at twenty-six years of age, and commenced housekeeping without bed or crockery, and in a house containing only one pane of glass. The story goes, that he was taxed extra for the glass, and for every smoke in the chimney. But frugality and industry overcame all obstacles in time, and Mr. Dearborn lived to see himself in comfortable circumstances, with a good house to shelter him, and well-furnished for the time. He was obliged to haul his building material from Portsmouth with an ox-team. He died at the age of fifty-eight. The farm has been in the family name ever since, passing from Shuball to his son of the same name, and thence to his son, the present possessor, John S. Dearborn.

"The Intervale upon which the

Crosses and Joseph Hancock settled (once a part of old Northfield, but now included within the limits of Franklin) is one of the largest and richest on the Merrimack." It here spreads out into a broad field of more than one hundred acres, level as a prairie, a sort of delta, or miniature Egypt, which is flowed in Spring and Fall, but never washed, as the water sets back upon the land through a channel connecting with the Merrimack on the lower side. Portions of this have been mowed for nearly a century, and still produce from one to three tons per acre. Here Joseph Gerrish, Esq., settled in the year 1804. He was a native of Boscawen, born in 1784—almost one hundred years ago—and was the son of Col. Henry, and grandson of Capt. Steven Gerrish, one of the first settlers of Boscawen, and a native of Newbury, Mass. The great-grandfather of Steven (Capt. William) came from Bristol, Eng., to Newbury, where he settled in 1639—removing thence to Boston in 1687.

Joseph Gerrish was a man of great shrewdness, business tact and enterprise, hospitable and genial. During the war of 1812 he started a distillery here for the manufacture of potato whiskey, which he gave up on the return of peace, and turned his attention more exclusively to farming, bought the George Hancock farm on an adjacent ridge, and thus enlarged his domains to ample size, with due proportions of upland for grazing, and intervals for tillage. Soon after, he removed his residence to the upland farm, where with convenient buildings, good horses, ample means, generous living, and a family of thirteen children, he lived till his death in 1851, looked up to and respected as one of the most substantial farmers Northfield has produced. His wife was Susan Hancock of Northfield. After his death, his broad acres were divided among his three sons—Milton, Leonard, and Stephen; the two former taking the intervals, the latter, the upland farm. Milton and Leonard still abide by their inheritance, and with full garners and

contented spirits we presume they enjoy that peculiar happiness and health a farmer's life only can bring. Steven, however, after a few years of very successful farming, his house being destitute of children, grew lonely, we suppose, and migrated across the Merrimack, to try the charms of a village life in West Franklin, where he still resides. His place was bought by John Kelley, Esq., the present possessor, in whose experienced hands the farm bids fair to keep up its ancient reputation.

This is the amount of our researches respecting Oak hill and the West part.

And now having given this imperfect sketch of the first settlers, and their acts during the first twenty years, and traced their families down as fully as our information would allow, it remains to exhibit them in their corporate capacity, beginning with their town meetings, and following with the great raising of the old meeting-house—a momentous event in its day, hardly to be equalled by a centennial in our time—but of these matters, a few items must suffice for the present, as an extended account will be given of them in the History of Northfield, which it is proposed to prepare during the coming year. The following is a copy from their earliest

"REICHCORD OF MEETINGS," &c. :

"At a meeting held in Northfield tuesday ye 21—Nove,r 1780

1 Voted Mr John Simons Moderator

2 Voted to a Low Mr Nathaniel wilters acompt in Gitting ye in Corpration.

3 Voted to Rais Monny to Buy a parrish Book

4 v to Rais Nineteen hundred Dollars to Defray Parrish Chargis"

2D MEETING.

"At a Meeting held in Northfield on Tuesday ye first of March 1781, at the hous of Mr John Simons

1 voted Capt Ednor Blanchard Moderator

2nd Voted Arche Miles Clerk
3rd Voted Reuben Witcher John
McDaniel Thomas Clough Select Men

4 Voted Ebenesor Kimbol Con-
stobel

5 Voted Joseph Car David Blan-
chard Charles Glidden Matthew hains
& Peter hunniford Servayers of hy
wais

6 Voted Edward Blanchard David
Morrison hog Refs.

7 voted Aaron Stevens Sealer of
Measur

8 Voted the Select Men be a Com-
mitty to git the Monny and Beef Cauld
for By the Cort.

9 voted to Raise Six thousand Dol-
lars to Repir high ways in labour at
forty dollars per day.

Said Meeting adjurned to the firs
of Apr at two of the Clock in the
After Noon at the Saim plais "

The foregoing is a full record of the
first two meetings after the town was
incorporated.

As to how the old meeting-house
was raised by the whole town in con-
vention assembled, how Master Bill
Durgin framed it, and Elder Crocket
blessed the enterprise, how libations
were poured out and in, how the wo-
men cooked the dinner, how the Hill
women of Bay hill furnished the bread,
and Mrs. Knowles and others prepar-
ed the fish, potatoes, etc., by the edge
of the woods, and how races were run
up the east hill by men with bags of
grain on their shoulders, and other
games; all this and much more we
hope to place before our hearers in the
not distant future, as the work is in the
hands of one whose ancestor kept a
complete diary of the proceedings of
that eventful day.

In this place, it will be appropriate
perhaps to introduce a brief account
of the churches of Northfield.

The old meeting-house was origin-
ally free to all sects, but in later years
was occupied exclusively by the Con-
gregationalists, who abandoned it in
1841, since which it has been used
only for town-meetings.

The following sketch of the Con-

gregational church of Northfield and
Tilton was prepared by Rev. Corban
Curtice, a long time pastor of the
church:

"The town of Northfield was settled
in 1760, and incorporated in 1780.
There seems to have been less of the
Puritan element among the first settlers
than in some of the neighboring towns.
Some years the town voted to raise
money to hire preaching for a few
Sabbaths, but no efficient efforts appear
to have been put forth for many years
to secure Congregational preaching.
The old meeting-house was built in
1794. The Methodist church was
organized in 1806. The Rev. John
Turner was the first Congregational
minister who preached in town. Rev.
Jotham Sewall and the Rev. Samuel
Sewall preached a number of Sabbaths
each in town. The Congregational
people for many years worshipped
with other denominations and aided
in supporting the preaching, but they
sought church privileges at Sanbornton
Square, and at Canterbury. * * * *

"On May 29, 1823, Mr. Liba Conant,
a young minister, was ordained as the
first pastor of the Northfield Congre-
gational church. He labored faithfully,
and with a good measure of success,
for about fourteen years, or till Sep-
tember, 1836.

"The Rev. Hazael Lucas then sup-
plied this church one year, or till Sep-
tember, 1837.

"Rev. Enoch Corser, for twenty years
pastor of the Congregational church at
Loudon, was then engaged to supply
this church, who remained from Sep-
tember, 1837, through April, 1843.
His labors were abundant, and very
successful. In 1837, and during his
ministry, the present Congregational
meeting-house was built and dedicat-
ed; the society being free from
debt. * * * *

"Mr. C. Curtice commenced preach-
ing here, May 1, 1843, and remained
through April, 1870; just twenty-seven
years.

"Rev. T. C. Pratt commenced his
labors here, May 1, 1870, and closed
them in June, 1875.

"Rev. F. T. Perkins commenced his ministry here, September, 1875.

"A Sabbath-school was organized in Northfield, in 1821, which has continued to the present time, and has been the source of great good to the church and community."

Of the thirteen persons who have held the office of deacon in this church, ten were from Northfield; of the sixteen superintendents of Sabbath-schools, nine were from Northfield; and of the original members, every one was from this town; and all are now dead, Dr. Enos Hoyt being the last. The whole number of members from the commencement to the present time is four hundred and thirty, of whom one hundred and sixty-seven belonged here.

The Methodist Episcopal church was organized about 1804, says another authority. Joseph Knowles and wife, their son Joseph, Josiah Ambrose and wife, William Knowles and wife, Zilpha, were among the first members. Also, Mr. Warren Smith's grandmother, Mrs. Glidden, who was baptized at the time that Lottie Ellis was, who then lived with Mrs. Glidden, and afterwards became the mother of Benjamin F. Butler. Also, Mrs. Fullerton. They were all baptized at the pond. Mr. B. Rogers and wife, parents of B. A. and S. B. Rogers, were early members. In 1826 there was an extensive revival of religion. Among the converts were Jonathan Clough, Westley Knowles, and Betsey C. Knowles. The brick church was built about this time. Samuel Forrest was converted under the labors of Rev. George Storrs, and became an official member. The old brick church was given up, and a new house built on the Tilton side in 1856, of a capacity to seat nearly six hundred. Among the prominent ministry of that church were Reverends L. D. Barrows, D. D., O. H. Jasper, D. P. Leavett, Moses Chase, M. Newhall, and George Storrs. Rev. N. M. Bailey is the present minister. The members number two hundred and twenty-six. Number on probation, thirty-six.

In regard to common schools, the one remarkable fact is the strange diminution in the number of children attending them since earlier times. Why is it? The population of the town is now larger. This may be accounted for in various ways. First, the young people leave at an earlier age to obtain a more advanced education in the higher schools; second, families are smaller; and third, the young grown-up people and young families leave town. But of this last reason I will speak further on.

The first school-houses, of course, were made of logs, of which an example has been given on Bay hill, and were generally private dwelling houses. Female teachers began to be employed about 1806, and were considered competent if they had mastered the first four rules in arithmetic. In illustration of the great advance made in female education since that time it is only necessary to point to the many young ladies graduating each year from our female colleges and other higher institutions, as has witnessed this week in the seminary near by.

The Bay hill school, which formerly contained upwards of fifty pupils, has, during the past twenty years, often been reduced to less than half a dozen.

The Centre school in former days numbered sixty, sometimes reaching eighty. Here Mr. John E. Forrest, one of our oldest citizens, was accustomed to attend when a boy, one of whose duties was to carry for Master Gleason, who boarded at his father's, a bottle of cider each day. By mistake one morning, he filled the bottle from the vinegar barrel. At the proper time, after the wear and tear of the morning hour, Master Gleason repaired to the closet where the cider was wont to be kept, and disposed of a stout dram, before he discovered his mistake. Speechless with rage and vinegar, he could only shake his fist in the face of the innocent cause of all this turmoil, at the same time giving such power of expression to his face as would have been highly applauded on the stage. Finally recovering his

speech, he roared out the threat of a flogging to the rascal. Doubtless he wore a sour look the rest of the day.

Other early teachers of the Centre were Master Morrill of Concord, Masters Bowles, Solomon Sutton of Canterbury, Josiah Ambrose of Northfield, Phineas Thorn, and Edmund Dearborn. Miss Morrill and Nancy Glidden were among the female teachers. The school now numbers from fifteen to twenty.

In early times, the school in the Hodgdon District numbered from seventy to one hundred, and John Cate, an old teacher, took oath in a certain suit, that he had one hundred and ten scholars. Now there are no scholars large enough to attend, and no school—one of the greatest changes in a school district that I have ever known.

Among the oldest teachers were Masters Knapp, Parkinson, Meshech Cate, John Blanchard, and Edmund Dearborn. It is related that Master Dearborn's mother used to follow her children to the school-house, stick in hand, whenever they were unwilling to go, and as the result, they all became excellent scholars. Think of that, ye who rely entirely on moral suasion! Among the female teachers were Nabby Abbott, Sally Hazelton, and Esther Parkinson. Dudley Leavitt, the famous astronomer and almanac maker, was the first to teach in that district after the building of a school-house. At that time he lived at Bean hill and boarded at home, walking to and from school each day. He wore slippers, and once, when passing old Squire Lyford's, one of them slipped off, but he was so agile, he threw his foot into it again, and passed on without stopping. He was tall and commanding in person, as were many of the Leavitts of those days.

Now, having tarried so long among the early fathers, and gathered into one bundle the few items we could pick up here and there of their settlement, families, modes of life, and manners of governing, let us in company glide downward two or three scores of years, and saunter somewhere along the mid-

dle of the century, and strive to catch a glimpse of the financial situation and social life of our people at that period, and then by a few short steps transfer ourselves to the present time.

And first I would say, that from twenty-five to seventy-five years after the incorporation, the rural portion of the town appears to me to have been in its most prosperous state. Village life had not grown to such proportions then, the majority of farmers were in middle life, with iron frames, strong arms and stronger hearts, with stout boys ready to assist and plenty of them, with buxom girls in equal numbers, to card, spin, weave, help mother generally, and even to rake hay, when occasion called, so that those freshly opened farms fairly laughed with harvests—filling the barns with hay to bursting, and the garnerers with grain. The school-houses were crammed with great boys, little boys, middling boys, and girls ditto. Those were the golden days of the Northfield farmers.

*" Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their teams afield,
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke."*

Since then village life has gained, and as a consequence in connection with other causes, rural life has lost.

In the second place, our fathers—and mothers as well—seemed inclined to combine amusement and sociality with their daily labor more than their descendants of the present day. Instead of formal calls—now the fashion—the good housewife would often take her wheel and spend the long Summer afternoon with a chatty neighbor in spinning—the whir of the wheel keeping time to the wagging of the tongue, and which went fastest would be hard to tell.

There were the raisings, when a new house was to be erected, whether of logs or framed, when the men came from far and near, with the purpose of having a high time generally, and they generally had it. Then there were the shooting matches, and wrestling matches, and apple parings, and quilting bees, sleighride parties, and coasting

parties. There were the spelling-schools, which were occasions of much interest, when the young people met, chose sides, and strove to surpass each other in navigating the intricate mazes of English orthography. And there were social parties, when the young men and women—often from fifty to a hundred in number—would gather at the house of some substantial farmer, where, before roaring fires, in spacious, old-fashioned rooms, warm and comfortable, though the weather might be zero without, they would spend the all too swiftly passing hours in lively chat, or in playing games, such as button, rolling the plate, Copenhagen, bean porridge, hot and cold, etc., and in singing and marching to the songs of "Oats, peas, beans, and barley grow," and "When the snow blows in the field," and "Arise, my true love," etc.

O those merry, jolly days—or rather evenings—of forty or fifty years ago, when girls and boys were as thick as grasshoppers in Summer time!

A word about husking parties, once an important institution in these regions. When the days had begun to shorten and the nights to grow frosty, and the corn had been gathered and piled in huge heaps in the barns, instead of sitting solitary and alone for weeks, stripping the husks from the ears, the thrifty farmer would invite his neighbors, young and old, male and female, to a husking party, and have his corn husked in a single night. And it was an invitation in most cases gladly accepted. The joke, and the laugh, and the song went round—and sometimes the cider. And the fortunate finder of the red ear had his reward; while all were rewarded at the conclusion of the work with a bountiful meal, such as the farmers' wives of those days, and their daughters, knew how to provide. At those supper tables the pumpkin pie usually held the place of honor. With its surface of a rich golden color, deep, luscious, melting, with crispy circumference, no husking party was held to be complete without the pumpkin pie.

I had designed to speak of the mili-

tia trainings, with their wonderful evolutions and equipments, and of the muster field, to which our Northfield warriors marched once in the year, and of a famous character always there found, by the name of Foster, whose continual repetition of "yes'm, yes'm," gained him the nickname of "Yes'm" the country over, and whose war cry of

" 'Crackers and honey,
' Cheap for the money,"

brought many a dollar to his cart, and many a meal of crackers, honey, gingerbread, and oranges to the hungry crowd. But want of time forbids, and an abler pen than mine would be required to do the subject justice.

Coming down to the present time, a few statistics must suffice. On the Northfield side of Tilton village, cloth is manufactured to the value of \$276,000 annually from two woollen mills. There are smaller mills besides, wheelwright shop, etc. There is a large graded school building there, and over fifty dwelling houses.

The Gazetteer of 1874 says the valuation of the productions of the town is \$95,000; mechanical labor, \$46,500; stocks and money at interest, \$9,648; deposits in savings banks, \$50,911; stock in trade, \$6,425. There are nine schools in town, one of which is graded.

By this we see that the manufactures are respectable, and they can be increased to an indefinite extent. But agriculture is the principal employment of the inhabitants, and they possess many fine farms, and under excellent cultivation. One or two facts will illustrate the fertility of the soil. The trunk of a pine tree for many years formed part of the highway fence below Mr. Clisby's; so large that steps were cut in it to assist in climbing over. And years ago there was another large pine tree cut near the old meeting-house. Mr. Hiram Glines, a citizen of the town, states that he once saw a pair of six feet oxen driven upon the stump, and turned around on it without stepping off.

Having thus presented a few out-

lines of the history, and slight sketches of the manners of the past, allow me a few words on the natural features of this town.

Northfield was originally a part of Canterbury, from which it was cut off by the act of incorporation in 1780. Military authorities say that mountains and rivers make the best defensive boundaries against invasion, and that, perhaps, was the reason why the boundary line was run over the summit of Bean hill—over, I think, the topmost pinnacle—while a barrier was put between the people and their neighbors on the north and west by the Merrimack and Winnipiseogee rivers. If such was the design, it was not a complete success, as is shown by the successive losses of territory the town has suffered. And it is said that many a fair daughter of the town has been lost to her parents for ever and aye by the daring of some marauding young man from across the border.

Northfield has a diversified aspect. It has hill and vale, upland and low plain, waving woods, smooth rolling fields, rich intervals, and the craggy rock. At the first glance you would hardly imagine anything to be in common between this town and the metropolis of New England. But in one respect there is a resemblance, in which, however, we are decidedly superior to the Hub. Boston was formerly called Tri-mountain, from the fact that it was built on three hills, and the name still survives in one of their principal streets—Tremont. Now Northfield has just that number of hills—Bay, Bean, and Oak—the least of which would surpass all the city's Tri-mountains gathered into one. Theirs, they say, are mountains, but mountains are so abundant up this way that we call ours hills.

The surface of the town is dotted with gem-like ponds. Near Mr. Winslow's on the level plain is Sondogardy, blinking at each railroad train as it dashes by; and Chestnut, near the residence of Mr. Knowles, lies down deep in the bottom of a cavity, like the crater of a volcano.

The principal rivers, I believe, wholly within the limits of the town are the Skenduggardy (not Sondogardy—the Gazetteer is wrong) and the Cross brook, which ought to be named Sondogardy, as it flows from the pond of that name, and without doubt was formerly so called. The first named river is formed by the union of a branch flowing from Chestnut pond with another from the heights of Bean hill, and empties into the Winnipiseogee. It was once something of a manufacturing stream, as it carried two saw-mills, and more anciently by flottage, manufactured the Smith and Thurston meadows, but of late it has given up the sawing and flowing business and seems only solicitous to find its way to the Winnipiseogee, while its few trout lead a hard life in dodging the misguided anglers—who are often forced to retire from its banks, sadder, if not wiser men. Its sister river flows into the Merrimack, and was once noted for manufactures. Nor is Northfield devoid of scenic beauty. Indeed, I believe it stands preëminent in that respect, even among the towns of New Hampshire. The view from Bay hill, in quiet, rural beauty, will compare favorably with anything of the kind it has been my good fortune to see. Before you on the north is spread the valley of the Winnipiseogee—with its lake of that name, that "Smile of the Great Spirit"—a sail over which Edward Everett declared to be more charming than any he had ever taken over the lakes of Switzerland—and flowing from it, with a succession of bays and rapids, the river hastening forward to bathe your northern boundary, and to meet her sister river on your western border. The valley is oval, and as you look over its longest diameter you see it walled around by Gunstock, Belknap, Ossipee, Red hill and others, like giant warders, while farther away, peering over their heads, are Chocorua, Cardigan, Mount Washington, and his brothers, while directly west, on your left, Kearsarge raises its broad shoulders—the most symmetrical of mountains, as seen from that

position. This whole Winnipiseogee valley probably was once filled by the waters of the lake—Bay hill reaching over to and connecting with a similar elevation on the Sanbornton side—till worn down by the river, which drained the valley. Dividing, one branch passed on to Franklin, and the other through the middle of Northfield, making Oak hill an island. Possibly a branch passed still further east converting Bean hill into another island much larger. Thus Northfield probably once consisted merely of two island hill tops.

From various parts of Bean hill, though possibly not quite so beautiful, are views more extensive and well worth seeing.

And Oak hill with a patronizing air looks down on stalwart Franklin, which nestles under its shelter.

Bean hill is the highest elevation between this part of the valley and the Atlantic. Its shoulders support many a goodly farm, while the pinnacle is mostly bare rock, with stunted trees in the crevices.

The Winnipiseogee is said to fall two hundred and thirty-two feet before meeting the Pemigewasset. At the confluence of the two in Franklin, the united streams take the name of Merrimack, a river which is said to propel more machinery than any other in the world. A Gazetteer tells me that the original name was Merrymake—and a very appropriate term it would appear to be to all who have seen its waters. Others say it was named from Merry Mac, a dweller on its banks; while another authority says it is an Indian word, and signifies a sturgeon.

Wonderful stories were told by the fathers about the fish in our beautiful rivers. Not the lean, attenuated specimens of piscatory life now represented by degenerate dace, chubs, and perch, with occasionally a lonely pickerel, but shad and salmon—fat, luscious, and huge, and in such vast numbers at times, as to blacken the river with their backs. And what was singular in their habits was that though they migrated from the ocean through

the whole length of the Merrimack in company, yet, on reaching the fork of the two rivers at Franklin, they invariably separated, the shad passing up the Winnipiseogee to deposit their spawn in the lake, and the salmon up the Pemigewasset. Thus the inhabitants of one valley ate shad, and those of the other, salmon.

Northfield contains about twenty-seven square miles, or seventeen thousand acres. She was formerly larger, but within the last quarter of a century she has suffered a considerable contraction of her circumference, owing to the affectionate regard of her neighbors. She has become reduced—lost flesh. But for all this, she's a hale, healthy, active old lady to-day—for a centenarian.

But seriously, though our town be contracted in dimensions, it is a goodly town still. Its most picturesque, its most homelike, its most rural portions, its upland farms, its brooks, ponds, groves, and its three mountains yet remain to you. It is a beautiful town, and though small, one to be proud of.

A greater loss, however, and one more to be deplored than that of territory, which your town has sustained, has been the constant drain for the last half century of your young men, notably of your young farmers, to the cities, and especially to the far West. Some of your best life blood has been lost in this way. Had all remained, and divided and subdivided your large farms into smaller ones, and employed on them the same energy they have applied elsewhere, what a garden Northfield would have been, and how your school-houses would have been filled, in this year of 1880!

There was in imagination, half a century ago, more than at present, I think, a halo—a romance—cast around the journey towards the setting sun. Men felt sure of fortune and fame the moment their feet should touch prairie land. The great West was in their thoughts, in their talks, dreams, and even their sports. Why, I remember well, that one of the most popular songs we sung, and to the music of which we marched with

the greatest zest, in those gatherings of the young at the houses of the substantial farmers thirty or forty years ago, of which I have already spoken, was this :

" Arise, my true love, and present me your hand,
And we will travel to some far distant land,
Where the girls card and spin, and the boys
rake and mow,
And we will settle on the banks of the pleasant
O-hi-o."

Yes, many since that time have left Northfield and gone to the Ohio and beyond. And many more who remained had a desperate longing to travel the same road. Thousands were the influences operating, of course, but I have no doubt that even this little song to some extent quickened the impulses of your young men to desert this beautiful town, and travel to the level, monotonous, muddy, fever-stricken, homesick, strange, far away expanses of the West. Yes, that was what they sung :

" We will settle on the banks of the pleasant
O-hi-o!"

But girls and boys, young men and maidens, don't you do it. Don't you settle on those banks, nor on the banks of any other Western river! Don't put faith in the "beautiful O-hi-o"—I've seen it—as long as you have the beautiful Merrimack, sparkling, rushing, full of life, compared with which the "beautiful O-hi-o" is nothing but a muddy, lazy canal, or ditch, good for navigation. For beauty, for purity, for exhilarating effect, give me, a thousand times give me, your Winnipiseogee! Settle where there are healthful skies, pure air, sparkling streams. Settle in New England; settle in Northfield; or, what is better, remain settled there!

Happiness is what we are all in search of. And happiness depends, much more than we are aware, upon local attachment. And it is proverbial that local attachment is stronger in a mountainous country, than in one of plains. The Swiss are said to be so afflicted with homesickness sometimes, when in foreign countries, such a longing to see their mountains once more,

that they commit suicide. Walter Scott said if he couldn't see the hills of Scotland once a year, he should die. Now a plain country has no such power. On the prairies, everything is like everything else; there is no variety; the farms are as like each other as two peas. Whereas, in a hill country like this, every farm has an individuality, a decided character, that distinguishes it from every other. Each man's farm is like no other man's farm. As we choose a friend, or a sweetheart, not because they are just like other people, but for the exact opposite—him because he is like no other man, and her because she is like no other woman—so, in process of time, a man becomes attached to his farm, especially if he has lived on it long enough to become acquainted with its peculiarities, because it is unlike any other man's farm. He experiences a home feeling when he visits the hill-side pasture, sees an old acquaintance in every hollow, tree, brook, spring, and even every rock of respectable size has an individuality and a charm for him, that in the course of a long life adds no small amount to the sun total of his happiness. Why, said a New Hampshire man to me in Iowa once, "I would give half my farm to run my plough against a big rock."

O, but this is nothing but sentiment! some one says. Perhaps it is, but you will find that the most of our likes and dislikes are founded on sentiment. But grant that it is sentiment—nothing more and nothing worth, yet, if you look at the comparative profits simply of Eastern and Western farming, I surmise that you will not find the table of profit and loss to be so very much against the Northfielder—even on his upland farm, to say nothing of the intervalles. Why, there are ten farms under mortgage at the West to one in the East. That tells the story of profit and loss. Much might also be said here of the mistake of leaving a country for a city life. But time is rapidly passing, and I must hasten to a close. I will only say that the experience of the past five or six years has wrought a

change in the minds of thousands on this subject. Many a man during the past twelve months has left behind the din, the turmoil, the uncertainty of the city, and gone back to where he can be blessed with

"The low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

And may this return tide long continue to flow upon the old homesteads.

But not to the young men alone, but to the fathers of the town, allow me a word. I would say, take all means to improve your town. Make it desirable as a place of residence. You have good land, a strong soil, better, much better than the average of New Hampshire land. Feed this soil. Beautify your farms. Make your homes pleasant, and strive in all ways to stop this constant drain of your young men to the West, or to the cities. You have a beautiful town, as I have before said, varied, picturesque, and richly endowed with capacities for improvement. Increase its beauties. Adorn it in every conceivable way. And by so doing, not only increase the beauty, but greatly enhance the market value of our town. Plant trees, make good roads, set out orchards, have trim gardens, ornament your grounds, make your houses neat, convenient, and picturesque; in short, make every farm a paradise—for you can do it—with health, industry, and taste. Set your faces as a flint in favor of morality and temperance throughout your borders—in every nook and corner of the town—among all classes, and especially among the young. Establish a public library, and lend a helping hand to every good work. What if all these should cost a little more money? Money is of no value in itself, but for what it procures. Let it procure what will give you enjoyment, and improve and bless you and yours, your life long. See to it that your public schools are as good as they can be made. And when your children have graduated from the district schools, don't forget that what would do in your great-grandfathers' days, would be totally

insufficient now. Then man was chiefly employed in subduing nature—in felling the trees, and in establishing for himself a residence. Now times have changed. Knowledge is increased. Skilled labor and scientific learning give power to its possessor above all his fellows. A higher education is now required to keep us on a level with the general intelligence of the world.

And glad am I to be able to say, that you fortunately have the means of obtaining this higher education at your very doors. The New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College is a daughter of Northfield, whose birth took place on this side of the river thirty-five years ago. Many before me have experienced her beneficial influence, and are nobler men and nobler women to-day from having come in contact with her moulding power. To be sure, she has moved out of town, but only across the border, to a brother hill facing the one she left, and, in fact, only the northerly part of the same hill, before the river wore a channel between. So that you can still claim her as a daughter of Northfield, who has only stepped across the way. And long may she continue her influence, not only in Northfield and Tilton, but throughout New Hampshire, and even extend it to the remotest corners of New England. This subject of education, in connection with the prosperity of your town, or of any town, is no small thing. My life's work has been in this cause. Thirty years almost have I, in a humble way, stood in my place of teacher, and every year increases my conviction of its vast importance. For twelve years nearly has it been my fortune to find a home in my present location on the seaboard. There, on many a prominent headland, you will notice that a light-house has been erected; a light-house that shall send its beams far over the water to guide the mariner in the dark. In the fog, or the storm, or in the dim starlight, shaken by huge billows, or in the calm, that light gleams forth, and tells him where he

is, and guides him in the right course. So may the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, seated on yonder headland, that beautiful headland, send forth the light of education all up and down the Merrimac valley, and not stopping there, cross Kearsarge on the west, and Bean hill and Gunstock on the east, and extend its beams to the lakes and the ocean, enlightening, guiding, blessing, as long as your three hills shall stand, or the Merrimack run.

And finally, cultivate town patriotism. Love your town. Render it more and more worthy of your love with each passing year. Teach your children to love it, and make it such that they must love it, ardently, devotedly, so that whether they sojourn within its limits, or settle far away, or wander with no fixed abode, their native town will be the one bright, loved, home-like spot of all the earth.

And, dear old Mother Northfield, who wearest thy centennial garments so well to-day, we, thy children, na-

tive and adopted, bid thee all hail! May many and many a centennial be celebrated within thy borders. And may each anniversary find you farther advanced in prosperity and happiness and morality than the last. "May your sons be as plants grown up in their youth; may your daughters be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace; may your garners be full, your oxen strong to labor; may there be no complaining in your streets; and may you be that happy people whose God is the Lord." And

"O, our fathers' God! From out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, unilted, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the century done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

O, make Thou us through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
And o'er our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of the righteous law.
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new century surpass the old."

INCREASE MY FAITH.

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

Increase my faith. O God!
List to thy pleading child,
Give me a purer soul.
Jesus, so sweet and mild,
Wash thou my garments white,
Whiter than drifted snow;
Cleanse thou my heart from sin.
Thou dost my sorrow know.

Increase my faith and love,
Dear Saviour, thee I seek,
Thou who did'st die to save
Sinners so faint and weak.
Hold out thy strong right hand,
Success and save my soul,
For I am weary grown
Striving to reach the goal.

Plead for me brother, friend,
Saviour! In time of need,
For sin would work me ill;
Let not the fiend succeed.
With arms flung 'round the "Cross,"
Lips closely to it pressed,
And eyes to heaven upraised,
God give me peace and rest.

South Boston, August 2, 1880.

MAJOR FRANK.

BY MME. BOSBOOM-TOUSSAINT,—TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.

Frances, visibly impatient, interrupted him, and said to me :

"Mr. Rudolf von Zwenken, son of my grand-father."

"We always have some trouble to say uncle, don't we, my charming niece? It is my fault. I have never known how to inspire the necessary respect. Well, cousin de Zonshoven, you are now on soundings. A little correction, nevertheless, there is no longer a Rudolf von Zwenken, he is civilly dead."

"And morally," murmured Frances.

"And if he thought of being brought to life under this name," continued he without paying any attention to the interruptions, "he would commit something like a suicide, for it would not be long before he would be taken and shot."

"And knowing that, after all that has been done to put you out of peril, to come and present yourself here!" exclaimed Frances.

"But, my dear, who has told you that I come to present myself here? It is true, I give representations in the province, but he who presents himself to the public is Mr. Smithson, so well disguised that the Baron Von Zwenken himself would not recognize his son."

"That is very fortunate, for he would die if he did," said Frances in a decided tone.

"Oh! there! dearest, you exaggerate. My father has never been so sensitive as that on my account. He would never know who this Mr. Smithson is. His son Rudolf respectfully desires to have an interview with him, and on that account he asks for your intervention, Frances."

"It is useless, sir, you can neither see your father again, nor speak to him."

"What inhumanity, Frances!"

"My duties to humanity lay me under the first obligations to your father."

"But, dear child, understand me. I only wish to kiss his hand and ask his pardon. For that I have imposed on myself a thousand fatigues, run a thousand dangers, ridden three hours on horseback, hidden in the ruin, climbed the garden wall at the risk of breaking my arms and legs; seeing a light here, broke in here, and I shall have done all this for nothing! No, my darling, that cannot be, you will be good, you will manage to give me the desired opportunity."

"No, I tell you, and you know that when I come to a decision, I do not give up."

"Still, you have a heart, Frances. Ah! I see what restrains you. You think that I come back like the prodigal son, penniless, returning from the swine's husks. It is exactly the contrary. I bring more than six hundred florins in good and fine *greenbacks*. It is a beginning of restitution. What would papa say if he found them to-morrow morning on his pillow? Do you believe that he would not open his arms to his erring son?"

"No, Rudolf, certainly not. You have broken your word of honor, and that is something your father would never pardon in you. Don't speak of restitution. What is this sum in comparison with what you have cost him, with what you have made us all suffer, in fine, with the sacrifices which gave us the right to hope that we had, at least, bought rest and oblivion."

Rudolf bowed his head and sighed without answering a word. I could not help pitying this unfortunate man. I should have been glad to say something in his favor, but the cold, haughty, and even contemptuous bearing of Frances overawed me. She must

have a reason for her inexorable severity, a reason which I could not surmise. I must, therefore, remain absolutely quiet.

At length, Rudolf awoke from his dejection, swallowed a glass of water, and, turning towards Frances, said to her in a serious tone: "Listen, Frances. You seem to take my father under guardianship, and to oppose yourself, without even consulting his wishes, to a reconciliation between him and me, and it seems strange that a niece, a simple grand-daughter, should busy herself in playing here the role of an elder brother, who does not wish to hear of the kind reception of the prodigal son. Still you know that I have neither the wish nor the power to dispute with you the succession to my father's estate."

"The only thing that was wanting was to be suspected by you of covetousness," replied Frances in an indignant tone.

"That is something of which I should have the least thought of accusing you; on the contrary, I am bowed down under the weight of my obligations to you. I only said that to remove all uncertainty. For all the world, I am Richard Smithson, an American citizen; but do not refuse to allow me here to be still for a few moments Rudolf von Zwenken, who would like to see his old father a last time before bidding him an eternal farewell."

"Your eternal farewells mean nothing, we always see you reappear."

"Yes, but if I should go without your leave? After all, who can prevent my going to find my father in the large chamber, the way to which I know."

"Do it, but I warn you of one thing, and that is that in the ante-room you will meet Rolfe, who knows you of old, who only obeys orders, but who always obeys."

"The devil take Rolfe! What is the old scoundrel doing here?"

"The old scoundrel does his best, does more than he ought, to enliven the last days of your father, made wretched by you."

"My misfortune would not be complete, if it was not crowned by your contempt," exclaimed Rudolf, not knowing which way to turn.

I ventured to offer myself as a mediator. "Useless," replied Frances in the same cold and haughty voice, "Rudolf remembers that on my knees I begged my grandfather not to let his son go into exile without a word of pardon, and that I obtained nothing but a scene of grief and anger. Consider also that you have yourself aided in giving currency here to a report of your death. The baron believed it, has become accustomed to it, and I might also say has consoled himself for it. The fear that he had that you would be arrested, tried, and sentenced, has only ceased since then. Would you renew his anxieties and tortures?"

"That is true, too true, you are right," said Rudolf, falling into complete discouragement.

"But you will not go without having taken something," said Frances, recovering her natural kind disposition, as soon as she saw herself victorious, "I will go and get you something to eat; cousin Leopold will allow you to dine in his room."

Thereupon she went out, leaving me with my strange cousin.

"Br-r-r!" said he to me, "our Major is not a cat to be handled without gloves. How she looked at me. I felt myself pierced through and through, and yet a heart, a heart such as you will not find one in a thousand."

"I confess that in her place I should have been softened."

"What can I say to you? She only knows me by my bad sides. When chance or my faults have brought us two together, it was in circumstances which could not dispose her in my favor. I have cost her trouble and money; I am afraid that even her reputation has suffered on my account. She wished to aid me, not caring more than I did about what people said. It was at Z—. The paternal mansion was closed to me. She arranged to meet me in a retired place for promenade, where not a soul is seen except on

Sundays; but we were discovered, watched by some loungee, and God knows what fine stories flew through the little city on her account. The generous girl had pledged her diamonds to assist me, without her father's knowing anything about it. This act of devotion was interpreted to her discredit. You may say that it would have been still more beautiful on her part not to remind me of this when she sees me again. Bah! my dear, it is just as impossible to find a perfect woman as a horse without a fault. The only result is that she can scratch and bite me as much as she pleases, I bow my head and——"

At this moment, Frances came back, bringing wine, meat, and bread. My unexpected guest seized them with voracity.

"By the way," said he, after having emptied several glasses, "where shall I pass the night? I can't go into the wing, occupied by Rolfe and the General. I could sleep very well in the stable on a bundle of straw, only I am afraid of the coachman."

"We have no coachman, now," said Frances, who became very pale.

"What! Have you discharged Harry Blount?"

"Harry Blount is dead."

"Dead! He would hardly be thirty to-day. It was I who taught him to ride; but, Frances, my angel, how pale you are. Have you also been obliged to do without your beautiful saddle-horse?"

"No, Tancred is kept at the farm; but the recollection of Harry Blount is terrible to me, to me,—who am the cause of his death."

"You speak foolishly; come now, you have been obliged, in a moment of vivacity"—(he made a gesture of a man, who whips another), "but I have done as much, more than once, that does not kill, and you, certainly, have not assassinated him."

"I am, not the less, the cause of this brave fellow's death. It was when we were driving out in the carriage. We had been obliged to sell the dapple grey span,—"

"God damn! The fine beasts! My poor father!"

"We had a new horse, which we wanted to harness with the only one we had left. We were going to try them. Harry wanted to do it alone, but I got it into my head to drive, myself. So I mounted on the seat by his side, seized the reins, and we took the road which leads from Z—— to the village. We went like the wind. I drove with a high hand, and applauded myself for my triumph; but Harry shook his head and cautioned me to be careful. The sky was dull and threatening. Crazy as I could be, I excited the horses still more, who already began to cease to mind the bit. Harry, frightened, wished to take the reins. I resisted and was not willing to give them up. At that moment the storm, which had been threatening for some hours, burst upon us; the thunder rattled, and the horses reared. Blount jumped down from his seat to quiet them. He fell and the horses passed over his body. In despair I also jumped down at the risk of my life. The violence of the shock threw me into a sort of fainting fit. When I came out of it, I saw the unfortunate Harry Blount stretched out on the ground, crushed and scarcely breathing. He only lived an hour after the accident."

Frances, seated on the sofa, ended her account of the accident with sobs.

"That is a pity, Frances, a great pity," answered Rudolf, "why did not this misfortune happen to me, rather than to Blount? You would have had one less burden to bear. Now that the deed is done, we must do the best we can. I have seen many others fall from a horse who have not been picked up. What can we do about it? Wait for the day when our turn comes and think no more about it; but, still," said he, while continuing his meal, which had been interrupted for a moment, "that does not tell me where I shall pass the night. Must I return to the ruin? It is a very cold chamber, especially when one knows that the paternal castle near by——"

"There is absolutely no room to offer you, Rudolf."

"But why cannot Mr. Rudolf share mine? I should willingly yield my bed to him."

"No," said he, eagerly, "I should be very well contented with the sofa, at least if Frances will consent."

"Very well," said she, "only you must promise me that to-morrow at day-break, you will be far away. To-morrow is your father's birth-day, and there will be many people at the castle."

"I swear to you, Frances, I will go early."

"Then I trust your word once more, and now good-bye—it is time for me to retire."

"Now take this pocket-book, Frances, it is a little beginning of restitution; I would like very much to be able to offer you more, but I am not yet a real American uncle. At least, accept what I can give you." And he showed the Union greenbacks in the pocket-book.

"Are they genuine, Rudolf?" she asked in a grave tone.

"Heavens, Frances, what do you mean? I have done many foolish things in my life. I have been a fool, a squanderer, a bankrupt. I am a deserter, but to counterfeit bank-bills! Ah! Frances, how could you suspect me of such infamy?"

"I might well be suspicious, Rudolf; I have unfortunately had proofs."

"Proofs!" he exclaimed, painfully astonished, "but that is impossible."

"What can I think of the false letters of credit, where you have imitated your father's signature. We have them locked up, these terrible proofs, and they have cost us dearly. I have pardoned you for that, with all the rest, Rudolf, only facts are facts."

"It is impossible, I tell you, he replied, firmly. "There must have been some terrible misunderstanding which I beg of you, I conjure you to aid me in removing. If my father has such an idea of me, I am no longer astonished that he prefers to believe me dead. I am no longer astonished that

you despise me. Moreover, I swear by my mother's soul, Frances, I am innocent."

"But still, these drafts were presented to the Baron von Zwenken, we paid them, because otherwise we should have had to face a scandalous law-suit. The judgment could not have reached you, because you were in America, but my grandfather would have been obliged to resign."

"Frances, you have good sense. How should I have dared to do such a thing just at the time when I was concealed in the environs of Z——, at the time when you were generous enough to procure for me the means for my adventure in America, at the moment when my most earnest wish was to go into exile with my father's pardon? Show them to me, these cursed drafts, and I shall be able prove to you my innocence."

"They are locked up in the baron's secretary. I cannot get them for you."

"My God! if I could see them, I could prove to you that, with my poor hand, I could never imitate a fine and regular writing like that of my father. What do you say about it, Mr. Leopold?"

"I believe you," I said to him.

"Ah! that does me good," he replied, with tears in his eyes, "but let us see, my father, who passed his vacations at watering-places, could n't he have become acquainted with some miserable wretch capable of playing him such a trick?"

"For four years the General has not gone away from home except one winter, which he passed at Arnheim."

"And this Rolfe?"

"No, Rudolf, do not suspect him? he has been badly brought up, but he is an honest man, who would tear out his eyes to save his old general a single sorrow."

"Then the devil is at the bottom of it. Now take these bills, Frances; they are genuine, I assure you; take them to show me that you believe me."

"Very well, I believe you; still you need them yourself."

"Be easy as to that. I am doing well; first bare-back rider in the Great Equestrian Circus of Mr. Stonehorse of Baltimore, two hundred dollars a month pay, isn't it superb? You see, I have never ceased to love horses. They have cost me a pretty sum in the past; now they bring it back to me."

"Still, Rudolf, you might have fallen lower. Your calling, at least, requires courage and skill. But I do not accept your money. I don't take back what I have given. We shall see each other to-morrow early, for it is useless for you to jump from the balcony and again climb over the garden wall."

"Absurd! a fine affair for the first bare-back rider; but if you wish to make sure that I am gone for good——"

"I have told you that I would still like to have confidence in you, I do not take back my word. Good night, gentlemen."

She was already far off, when Rudolf, who finished emptying his bottle, said to me in his ordinary tone:

"I don't really know if I ought to congratulate you, Mr. Leopold, but I really believe that our charming Major has found her colonel."

It was disagreeable to me to join with him in a conversation on that subject. I made a sign of doubt.

"Aha!" said he, "do you think that I have n't any eyes? I know women, I can assure you. It is a knowledge that has cost me dear. In my vagabond life I have met all colors, and my niece, though she has a masculine heart, is still a woman. You dazzle her, that is certain. It is with her, as it is with a race-horse; with patience, attention, a firm hand, you reach the goal. As for me, I have always been too passionate, too impatient. These gracious devils are aware of it, and then you get the worst of it, there is nothing more to do. After all—perhaps I am mistaken," said he, seeing that I remained silent, "otherwise, I would add that I hope that you are rich. The grandfather is ruined."

"By whom?" said I, rather cruelly; but this verbiage was unbearable.

"By whom? That is the question. I have contributed to it, that is all. May the devil take me, if I lie. John Mordaunt, if he was living, could tell a good deal about it. Still he received his wife's dowry, and Frances ought to have found it at her majority. Unfortunately, he had eaten it, for they used to live, sir, they used to live. They always sent me away to Werve with my tutor, when I began to see, to observe; after my sister's death, I used to be more at Mordaunt's house. Perhaps it tires you to hear me run over all these things?"

"Not at all, I am very happy to listen to your adventures."

"Ah! My God! The first cause of my misfortune is my father, who opposed me in everything. I wanted to be an officer. My father would never let me enter the military school at Breda, against which he had I know not what prejudices. He was resolutely determined to see me study law at Leyden, so that I might make my way, he said. Ah! yes, I have made my way. Since I was studying for my father's pleasure, I also wished to find my own, and as he sent me a good deal of money, I led the life of an extravagant student. I had a horse and tilbury and incurred enormous debts; still I attended some lectures which interested me, and I was soon to pass my examinations, when my father embarked in a law-suit with aunt Roselaer and lost it. I could not continue my student life. Thanks to powerful friends, my father was able to secure me an advantageous position in the revenue office. I was responsible for my debts and must marry a rich heiress. That was one of the conditions. Unfortunately the heiress was too old and had too red a nose to suit me, and my father, furious, declared that he would have no more to do with me. I had not the least inclination for the regular office life. I found an old bureaucrat, who had remained seated in one chair for twenty years, without getting mouldy, I abandoned all my

work to him, and I amused myself without thinking of anything, when one fine morning I found that my animal had run away with the chest. I was responsible, and my father, counting on the said marriage, was my surety. I believe that the maternal inheritance of poor Frances disappeared in the gulf. What next? I had a fine voice, and I wished to go to some foreign country, practice in some conservatory, and return as an opera singer. My father would not consent to that, and indicated to me that there was nothing left for me but to enlist. I yielded, hoping that once enlisted, it would not be long before I should become an officer; but I could not accustom myself to discipline. They sent me to a garrison at a little place on the frontier. Rolfe was my lieutenant, and he spared me neither in police duty nor on guard. In short, I had enlisted for five years, and did not remain five months with the battalion. One fine morning I deserted. They caught me. I wounded a subaltern in trying to defend myself; my case was clear, but I succeeded in escaping from prison. I must say that they gave me a chance, and Frances, as I learned later, aided in my escape. Then I was as free as air, but I must live. I tried everything. I gave Latin and French lessons to the German peasant boys, and singing and piano lessons to the *frauleins*. I was the private singer to an Austrian countess, who was deaf and imagined that my voice resembled Roger's. I travelled with a strolling opera troupe. I sang outdoors. I was the baron's coachman. I was travelling salesman for a wine house, but they wished to send me into Holland, and—good-by. Then I was a waiter in a café, marker in a billiard-room, valet and secretary to a Polish count, who had appreciated my skill in this noble game, and who took me with him to Varsovia and hastened to confide to me that he had the

means of making Poland independent. Naturally his enterprise failed, but Siberia did not fail him, and as for me, I was obliged for a while to endure the *carcere duro*, because I would not testify against him. I came out of prison penniless. Still I do not wish to weary you with a recital of all that I was and did. It would have been simpler to make a good plunge into some river, but I always had a prejudice against suicide, and besides my health was always good, and I was free from melancholly. I rolled about as I could through all the great cities and all the watering places of Germany, north and south, constantly changing my name; imprisoned once with a Moldavian prince, who was accused of murder, but set at liberty after having proved that my acquaintance with his excellency was subsequent to the crime; regarded as dead in Holland, having skilfully managed so that this report should be believed. At length I grew tired of my life of adventures. I knew that a member of our family had done well in America, and I also wanted to try my fortunes there; but the money was wanting. I flattered myself with the hope that after ten years had rolled by my father would consent to furnish it. I wrote to Frances. The answer was not encouraging. My father threatened that, if I had the audacity to reappear, he would deliver me up to the council of war. I thought that Frances wished to frighten me. I came to Z— well disguised, and I was able to convince myself that she spoke the truth. Frances, poor soul, was the only one who had any pity for me, and you know how much that has cost her. And when I think that she has been obliged to believe me a forger! Oh! I did not wish to make her still more unhappy by telling her what I suspect—”

“What is it?”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DUNBARTON—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY J. B. CONNER.

The diversity of attractions, wild scenic beauty, and perhaps more than all, the generous, frank and warm hearted character of the inhabitants, has lured large numbers of summer tourists within the limits of this grand old town, and the favored ones who pass the heated term in this delightful locality, carry away with them not only restored health and quickened energies, but a sweet remembrance of the good people with whom they have been associated. Like its parent Scottish town, Dunbarton boasts of many hills whose bold outlines, sharply defined against the sky, give character and animation to the fertile valleys lying proudly at their base. Prolific nature, aided by the guiding hand of man, gives forth a bounteous harvest, and green swards of the tender blade relieve the heavy forest foliage. That her sons are thrifty none can doubt, for the well filled barns and tidy homes give evidence of a prosperous race. But to produce this happy result was not the work of a year or decade, and those who laid the foundation of the town were beset by numerous obstacles, any of which might well deter the stoutest heart from venturing. The town fathers, however, were descendants of a people that knew no fear, save that for their Maker; and by their indomitable courage, fortitude and self-denying heroism, conquered all their foes and firmly engraved their glorious victory upon tablets of native granite. The first settlement was made about 1735, by Joseph and William Putney, James Rogers and Obediah Foster, who came from Rumford (now Concord), and located in the eastern part of the town, at a place called "Great Meadow." Here they erected log houses, planted fruit trees and set about improving the land. When a body of Indians appeared in the vicinity of Rumford, two friends of

Rogers made their way by "spotted" trees to warn the settlers of the danger. They found one of the families engaged in cooking for supper and the other churning. Upon the receipt of the alarming intelligence they at once abandoned their homes, "leaving the meat to fry itself away and the cream to churn itself to butter," and during the night succeeded in reaching Rumford. Returning the next day to drive their cattle to the garrison, they found them all slaughtered, their houses plundered and burned, and the apple trees cut down. Three years later Messrs. Putney and Rogers made a permanent settlement, though they had procured no title to the land, but their possession was confirmed by the proprietors, who, in 1751, obtained a grant of the township. The extensive range of meadow land already cleared by the industrious farmers was particularly adapted to agriculture and was rich in the kind of grass called "blue-joint." The name given by the settlers was "Mountalona," from a place where they once dwelt in Ireland, for religious oppression had driven them from their ancestral homes in Scotland. We can but admire the intrepidity of this little band in removing so far away from the garrison at a time fraught with so many dangers, for although the Indian war ended about this time, the peace was not of that substantial character which ensures perfect security. It is more than likely that the pioneers were suspicious of their former foes, for a long time after the cessation of hostilities, and even while pursuing their daily avocations, they were ever on the alert to detect the cat-like tread of the treacherous red-skins. They had not forgotten the devastation of their farms and homes, and the massacre on the Hopkinton road was still fresh in their minds. But the remem-

brance of these scenes, while it served to increase their caution, rendered them only the more determined in their enterprise. Mr. Rogers was the father of Major Robert Rogers, celebrated as a leader of the rangers in the French and Indian war. The elder Rogers met with a singular and painful death in attempting to visit his friend Ebenezer Ayer. Mr. Ayer, who was a hunter of no little renown, had been in quest of game during the day, and returning to camp early in the evening was still on the lookout for a bear, when Mr. Rogers appeared. Mistaking his friend (who was dressed in a bear-skin suit) for an animal of that species, he fired and mortally wounded him. Mr. Ayer was intensely grieved at the accident and could never relate the occurrence without shedding tears. At the time of this settlement, Concord (or Rumford) had about 350 inhabitants, Bow not more than five families, and Goffstown might have had a few inhabitants, though it is very doubtful, while Hopkinton had been settled ten years. In 1751, the twenty-fourth year of the reign of George the Second, King of England, and during the provincial administration of Benning Wentworth as governor of New Hampshire, arrangements were made for a regular settlement of the town, the included territory being granted by the assigns of John Tufton Mason to Archibald Stark, Caleb Paige, Hugh Ramsey and others. This grant embraced a territory five miles square, and included a portion of the present town of Hooksett. The next settlement was made in the western part of the town, by William Stinson, Thomas Mills and John Hogg. These families were for a time three miles apart, with no intervening neighbors, and we can imagine the sense of loneliness which would at times enter their hearts despite the cheerful character of their natures. During the day the cares of the farm would engross their attention, but when the setting sun had proclaimed the hour of parting day, "and all the earth a solemn stillness wore," they must have keenly felt their isolation and sometimes deeply sighed for the homes

which they had left. To add to the dreariness of the long winter nights, savage beasts rent the air with yelps and howls till children trembling buried their heads in the pillows and sterner hearts still feared the inroads of their skulking foes. The first child born in this town was probably Sarah Mills, daughter of the above mentioned Thomas Mills, although Stark, the historian says, "We are inclined to believe that the first child born upon the territory was one of the family of James Rogers or Joseph Putney, who settled upon it several years prior to 1746, to the oldest sons of whom lots of land were granted in 1752." From this time emigrants flocked to all parts of the town, some coming direct from Scotland, others from Haverhill, Ipswich, Salem, Topsfield and other Massachusetts towns, until in 1770 Dunbarton boasted of its 497 inhabitants, being two thirds of its present population. These people, actuated by a love for their new homes and assisted by the generous hand of nature, rapidly developed those resources which have added wealth and importance to the town. The building of highways was one of the first improvements, and as early as 1760 we find notice of roads being laid out, and the main highway running through the western part of the town was probably established long before. This was the principal route to Boston from central New Hampshire, and for years these hills resounded with the busy strains of travel. The whirling coach threw clouds of dust to blind the teamster's sight, and the rumbling of its wheels brought many a head to the windows whose narrow panes afforded but a limited view of the "Fast Mail."

In 1760, lot No. 12, in the 4th range containing 100 acres, was granted to Captain John Stark (afterwards General), upon condition that he build a saw-mill, the same to be put in operation within one year. The condition was fulfilled. Captain William Stinson erected the next mill.

Religion and education received prompt attention, and in 1752 a vote

was passed that a meeting-house should be built "within five years from May next ensuing." The house was finished in 1767 and remained twenty-five years, when it was removed to make way for a more pretentious edifice. The first school master who taught in Dunbarton, was a Mr. Hogg—commonly called "Master Hogg." The first female teacher was Sarah Clement. With the facilities now afforded for mental culture, we can hardly conceive of a more disheartening task than the acquirement of an education under the adverse circumstances of the eighteenth century. In these schools very few of the scholars possessed text books, so the teacher gave out the problems and the pupils were expected to return the answer without a repetition. The way must have been blind indeed, but their victories over the "hard sums" and difficult passages were conquests of which they were justly proud, and which fitted them to win even greater laurels in the contest for liberty.

For several years the nearest grist-mill was at Concord, to which the settlers carried their grists upon their backs in summer, and in winter drew them upon hand sleds through a path marked by spotted trees. From the forest trees these hardy pioneers made mortars in which to render the corn fit for making samp, the use of which they had learned from the Indians. Among the impediments which the early settlers encountered in clearing and burning over the land, were the "King's trees." These trees were marked by the King's surveyors for use in the royal navy, and any damage which occurred to them subjected the offender to a considerable fine. Notwithstanding the difficulties, hardships and privations which compassed them round about, these sturdy foresters seem to have lost none of their good courage, and that they were wont to enjoy themselves upon occasions, is manifest from the frequent occurrence of horse-races, while huskings, flax-breaking, apple-parings and house-raising were joyful scenes to the people of those days. A few of their industrial pastimes are still in

vogue, and during our stay in Dunbarton we attended a regular old-fashioned husking at the residence of Mr. J. C. Mills. This sketch does not admit of a description of that festive occasion, but many readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY will recall with pleasure the merry hours of that night. It was customary in olden times, at raisings and upon other occasions when people assembled in numbers, to assist voluntarily in performing tasks which required the strength of many, to keep up good cheer by trials of strength and gymnastic exercises. Among these pastimes wrestling matches were, perhaps, the most popular, and men who had distinguished themselves in this art were known to each other by reputation, although residing in distant towns. It was the habit of such notable individuals to travel many miles to try a fall at wrestling with other champions, although entire strangers. An anecdote exemplifies this species of wrestling, although the result was not, perhaps, satisfactory to the knight who came so far to obtain a fall. A person called at the house of John McNeil, of Londonderry, in consequence of having heard of his strength and prowess. McNeil was absent, which circumstance the stranger regretted exceedingly—as he informed his wife, Christian, who enquired his business—since he had traveled many miles for no other purpose than to "throw him." "And troth mon," said Christian McNeil, "Johnny is gone, but I'm not the woman to see ye disappointed, an' if ye'll try, mon, I'll throw ye meself." The stranger not liking to be bantered by a woman, accepted the challenge; and sure enough, Christian tripped his heels and threw him to the ground. The stranger upon getting up thought he would not wait for "Johnny," but disappeared without leaving his name.

Granite is a drug in the Dunbarton market as the long lines of stone wall and huge heaps of loose stone in many of the fields attest, and this feature of the town has led to many jokes, some of which are quite as hard as any quartz formation. On the Concord

road, between the Centre and Page's Corner, is a pound for stray cattle, constructed in that substantial manner which clearly indicates an abundance of material. Near by, in a house now blackened by age and continued warring against the elements, lived Captain John Stinson. As that gentleman was standing in his door one day, a person driving by stopped his horse, and, pointing to the pound, inquired what that structure was. "That is a pound," said Captain John. "And where," said the stranger, "did they find all those rocks to build it with?" "O, we picked them up about here," replied Captain John. "Well," said the man, "I have been looking around and didn't miss any, so I thought they must have been brought from a distance; good day."

The Stinsons are among the oldest families of Dunbarton, Captain William having come to town in 1752. He was obliged to bring everything from Londonderry, a journey to which town in those days was quite an undertaking. One day his cow, being salt hungry, captured a piece of salt pork, and it being all the meat in the house, caused no little annoyance. At a visit of Minister McGregor, Mr. S. having no table, turned a basket upside down and placed the dinner thereon, so when Mr. McGregor said grace, he prayed that he might be blessed in *basket* and in store. His son, W. C. Stinson, has a splendid farm of 700 acres on the New Boston road. Mr. Stinson, who deals largely in stock, has a fine barn 140 feet by 42 feet, within whose capacious depths are packed, at the present writing, 100 tons of hay, 300 bushels of corn, and other produce in proportion; while the house, to our present knowledge, contains an abundance of generous hospitality. Among the larger farms we mention those of Oliver Bailey, David Story, J. P. Jameson, John O. Merrill, J. C. Mills and David Parker. All of these are under a high state of cultivation and are models of neatness. It is a common saying that the character of a man may be judged by the appearance of his door-yard. If this be true,

the farmers of Dunbarton are certainly beyond reproach, and we cannot wonder that the young men are loth to leave these pleasant homes for the uncertain fortunes of the outer world. Dunbarton, however, contributes largely to the galaxy of eminent men whom the Granite State is proud to claim, and her people are ever ready to respond to the nation's call. In her cemeteries lie many brave hearts whose lives were sacrificed upon the field of battle, and in that storm which threatened to rend the flag in twain, scores of Dunbarton's valiant men forsook the peaceful quiet of their homes and suffered and died to preserve unsullied the honor of our glorious banner. No need, O history! to record their names, nor yet for loving hands to place the emblems o'er their graves; the memory of their noble deeds will live forever in the hearts of their countrymen, as they look upon the dear old flag so often bathed in the blood of its defenders.

The educational advantages of Dunbarton are unexcelled by any town of its size in the State. The substantial school houses are an honor to the town and in the selection of teachers for the year the committee have won deserved praise. The position of teacher in a district school is one that requires a thorough education, knowledge of human nature, and no end of patience. Since all grades attend the same school the instructor is obliged to jump from algebra to the first primer without a moment's warning, to teach the rudiments of the English language and prepare the advanced pupil for the highest of graded schools. It is a curious fact in this connection that a native of Dunbarton has graduated from some college every year since the town received its charter. Many of the collegiates have filled prominent positions, while not a few have become distinguished. Among the more notable now living, are George A. Putnam, an eminent divine, settled at Milbury, Mass.; Ephraim O. Jameson, Congregationalist, settled at West Medway, Mass.; Henry E. Burnham, a prominent lawyer of Manchester; Mark Bai-

ley, Professor of Elocution and Rhetoric, at Yale, and Lafayette Story, a wealthy resident of California.

Perhaps it would be impossible to offer a better proof of the prosperity of the town than to mention that it is free from debt, has money in the treasury, and does not support a pauper, a lawyer, or a doctor, and one of the strongest reasons for this happy state of things is that no liquor is sold in the town.

During our stay we visited many aged people, the most remarkable of whom were Mrs. Story, who is 97 years of age, and Mrs. Whipple, aged 94. Both of these ladies are in the enjoyment of all their faculties and have every appearance of becoming centenarians. In bidding Mrs. Whipple good-day, she followed us to the door and said, "Tell them I came to the door to see you off."

During the last few years the beauties of Dunbarton have become more widely known, and the locality is getting to be quite famous as a summer resort. An idea of the range of vision may be obtained from the following: Standing in Mr. Stinson's door we could see with the naked eye, Mount Wachusett, Monadnock, the Uncanoonucs, Kearsarge, Moosilauke, and the Franco-

nia range; while Mount Washington is visible from several points. In travelling a mile one can see land in every town in Merrimack county—with the exception of Wilmot, which is hidden by Mount Kearsarge—and at least three fourths of the land in Hillsborough and a part of Rockingham counties. In fact one can see land in every county in the State, with the exception of Strafford, and the tops of mountains in Vermont and Massachusetts. The Centre offers, perhaps, the most attractions for summer tourists, and here, upon a site commanding an unrivalled view of the surrounding country, is located the Prospect House. For the past season this hotel has been under the management of Mr. J. S. W. Preston, a gentleman who has won hosts of friends, both among the towns-people and the travelling public. The commodious house of Mr. J. A. Chamberlin is also a favorite resort, and people who have been fortunate enough to obtain rooms there, speak very highly of that hostelry. His son, Mr. O. A. H. Chamberlin, is proprietor of the well-known Snowflake Publishing House. Two churches, the post-office, and the town-hall are also located at the Centre, which is, in fact, the Hub of the Dunbarton Universe.

PAYMASTER THOMAS L. TULLOCK, JR., U. S. NAVY.

BY HON. THOMAS L. TULLOCK.

Thomas L. Tullock, Jr., Paymaster U. S. Navy, eldest son of Thomas Logan Tullock and Emily Estell Tullock, was born August 13, 1845, in the city of New York, where his parents were temporarily residing. About two months thereafter, Mr. Tullock returned to his native city, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, remaining there until June, 1858, when the family removed to Concord, N. H., residing there three years, thence to Portsmouth.

Thomas attended the public schools at Portsmouth and Concord, and was afterwards a diligent student at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Tilton, making great proficiency in his studies. He subsequently entered (1860) Philips Exeter Academy, preparatory to a collegiate course, with the design of adopting the profession of law. He early displayed marked ability in debate in the debating society at Portsmouth, Concord and Tilton, and

the fluency, grace and logic of the youthful orator gave promise of eminence in the profession which he intended to follow. The rebellion caused him great disquietude, and his anxiety to enter the service was such as to induce his father, who was then Navy Agent at Portsmouth, N. H., to withdraw him from school and require his services as clerk in his office, where he became familiar with naval accounts and regulations. But he craved active participation in the war, and determined it should not be said of him, that he took no part in the conflict. He was accustomed to say, "I must be either in the field or on the wave," and on making application he was appointed in the volunteer service, May 11, 1863, as Acting Assistant Paymaster U. S. Navy, and was ordered to the U. S. steamer *Adela*, May 18, 1863, which, after cruising in pursuit of confederate armed vessels, returned to the harbor of New York and guarded important interests during the memorable riots in that city; thence to Hampton Roads and the coasts of South Carolina, and then joining the Gulf Squadron, blockading the western coast of Florida, and co-operating with and aiding the land expeditions against Tampa and elsewhere. The yellow fever was very prevalent, part of the time, but he escaped the contagion.

Paymaster Tullock was detached from the *Adela*, December 9, 1864, and assigned to duty on board the U. S. steamer *Paul Jones*, March 9, 1865, joining the Gulf Squadron. He left the ship at New Orleans, October 11, 1866, having been appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate as Passed Assistant Paymaster in the regular navy, July 23, 1866, and passed a most creditable examination at Philadelphia, in December, 1866. During the brief period in which he was relieved from ship duty, he acted as Judge Advocate of Naval Courts Martials, at Norfolk and Philadelphia, to great satisfaction. He was ordered to the U. S. steamer *Oneida*, Captain G. Blakely Creighton, April 23, 1867, to report May 8, and sailed from New York,

May 19, 1867, via Cape de Verde Islands, Rio de Janeiro and Cape Town, to join the Asiatic Squadron, visiting most of the ports in Siam, China, Japan and the North China Seas. He was promoted and confirmed full paymaster, March 3, 1869.

On the evening of the 24th of January, 1870, the *Oneida*, Captain Edward P. Williams, steamed slowly away from Yokohama with her homeward-bound pennant flying, when, near Saratoga Spit, fifteen miles or more down the Bay of Yokohama, she collided with the peninsular and oriental (English) large iron mail steamer *Bombay*, Captain Eyre, and in fifteen minutes went down, firing in distress her heavy guns, which happened to be loaded. She was but partially supplied with boats, only two serviceable, having lost most of her complement in a cyclone in the North China Seas, otherwise most if not all the lives might have been rescued. Of 176 officers and crew, only 4 officers and 57 men were saved, and as the U. S. consul wrote, "almost without exception, the officers spurned the use of boats and met death bravely, calmly, heroically, at their posts."

The *Oneida*, a staunch wooden screw steamer, had proved a most efficient cruiser, and was considered one of the gems of our naval marine. She was in the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the subsequent fighting on the Mississippi; was at the taking of Mobile and had an honorable record. Her length was 211 feet; tonnage, 1695; guns, 8. When lost she had on board 24 officers and 152 men. At about 5 o'clock P. M., January 24, 1870, the *Oneida* weighed anchor and steamed out of the harbor of Yokohama, Japan, homeward-bound. It was a fine evening, sharp and wintry, but with a clear sky, stiff breeze, and the water of the bay smooth. As she successively passed the various ships of war, they manned the rigging and gave cheer after cheer that resounded far and wide. The *Oneida* sped on, the fading twilight deepened into gloom of night and her outline rapidly blended

with the darkness. Without describing the cause of the coliding, it appears that when but a short distance off the *Bombay* changed her course, heading directly for the *Oneida*, attempting to cross her bows. Her sharp, iron prow cut into the wooden sides of the *Oneida*, tearing diagonally through her quarter and leaving a gaping wound. Her quarter boat was crushed, and the poop, spanker boom and gaff, wheel, binnacle, and most likely the rudder and propeller carried away. While the *Bombay* lay across the *Oneida's* stern the executive officer hailed: "Steamer ahoy! you have cut us down; remain by us." The *Oneida's* steam whistle was instantly turned on and kept blowing, and guns were fired, but the *Bombay* steamed on to Yokohama, without lowering a boat or for a moment heading in the direction of the sinking ship. Nay, worse, with even the malicious boast of Captain Eyre, that "*he had cut the quarter off a Yankee frigate, and it served her right.*" This remark is quoted from the testimony of a British naval officer, before the British court of inquiry.

After the collision the *Oneida* fired heavy guns indicating distress, and continued firing until she sunk. At Yokohama the sound of the guns were distinctly heard. The stern part of the *Oneida* in which the rockets were kept had been carried away, and the guns alone could be used to appeal to the *Bombay* for assistance. The *Oneida* sunk in about 15 minutes after the collision. It is generally conceded that the evidence clearly proves that no blame is to be attached to the officers and crew of the *Oneida*.

A naval officer writes substantially that although Captain Eyre left a temporary stain on the name of a British sailor, let it not be forgotten that British sailors nobly came forward and rendered efficient aid. British sailors helped search for the *Oneida's* drowned. British sailors paid befitting obsequies to her recovered dead, and British royal marines fired the requiem volleys o'er the grave of the *Oneida's* captain. The action of the British and Russian

naval officers was generous in proceeding with our American officers and men to the wreck at the earliest possible moment, but they reluctantly returned unable to find the bodies of our dead.

Paymaster Tullock refused to leave the sinking ship in the life boat manned by the surgeon, the boatswain and 15 of the crew. It was his option, but he preferred to take his chances for life with the officers and men who remained at their posts of duty. Thus perished an accomplished and gallant officer in that Asiatic night, one whose manly virtues and noble spirit, whose unsullied and beautiful character has been truthfully portrayed by officers who were his intimate friends.

A correspondent writing to the Providence Journal concerning the *Oneida* disaster, said: "The Paymaster was Thomas L. Tullock, Jr. I never saw any one that met him who did not love him. Gentle and winning in his deportment, his personal attractions, for a man, had such tenderness and grace, that, before you knew it, he had won your affection and esteem. A most honorable war record has been followed by a spotless official and private reputation."

Another, a naval officer, writing from Japan, said: "Among the officers of the *Oneida* there was no one more prized and better loved than Paymaster Tullock, no one, now that he has gone, is spoken of more often and more regretfully. He was of such a genial disposition, so full of life and sunshine, so generous and unselfish, that he won his way right to our very hearts. He was a most excellent officer, one of the best in the corps, taking great pride in his office, and performing all its functions with exactitude and promptness."

The U. S. consul at Yeddo, in a letter which was published, said: "I loved that officer from the time we met, was drawn towards him with a strange feeling I cannot explain, such as a man seldom entertains for another. Time served only to develop his generous qualities and enhance his loss. A no-

bler, truer son never honored a father or deserved the love and affection of a mother. His virtues were legion, his faults, if any, few. He was a young officer of great promise and merit, and to have been so inhumanly sacrificed adds additional poignancy to the bereavement."

Another consular agent writing, said: "Thrice I passed the sad spot where your honored son passed from duty here to reward in heaven. All was calm, not a ripple on the placid deep—a fit emblem of the repose of a soul forever at rest. Near the spot a noble mountain gently threw its shadow on the quiet waters, and in turn was mirrored far down in the deep profound. That mountain is nature's monument to the memory of a noble youth, a dutiful and loving son, and the favorite of all who knew him."

Another, writing from Yokohama, said: "Among the number who perished was Paymaster Tullock. Deep and earnest are the words of affection exchanged for him, and many are the eyes unaccustomed to tears that grow dim at the mention of his name. He was a son to be proud of, a friend never to be forgotten."

U. S. Consul Shepard, at Yeddo, wrote: "On the morning of the 24th, our American Minister and myself made official calls upon the foreign ships of war in the harbor, and by invitation of the officers returned at one o'clock to the *Oneida* for breakfast, after which Paymaster Tullock and myself walked the deck and exchanged vows of friendship. He spoke so tenderly of his father and mother, and brother, of his love for them and the unspeakable longings he had to see them again. He added, 'my father wants me to leave the navy, and I have fully made up my mind to do so soon after I reach home.' He gave me the enclosed photograph, and on it is almost the last writing he did, about 4 o'clock p. m. of that day. The last seen of him he was standing on the main deck with a wooden grating in his hand, but the suction of the ship sinking may have taken him down im-

mediately. He said to one of the officers, 'It's no use, we're going down.' Noble boy! not to you and yours only, sir, but to the navy, the country and the world, are such as he a loss. Tenderly, earnestly, lovingly, shall his remains be searched for, and if found, speedily forwarded. Should any of the many beautiful things he had gathered to surprise his father, gratify his mother and please his brother be recovered, they too, shall be faithfully transmitted."

A U. S. government official wrote of him: "I can never forget the hour I spent on deck of the *Oneida*, with Paymaster Tullock, on the day of the fatal 24th of January last. I distinctly remember the beautiful and vivid picture he painted, of what I so deeply miss and tearfully remember—home. Of his mother, so dear to him—with an affection and love burning brightly and ever the same—a holy beacon which had guided him safely upon his course in life, and ever directing to a safe and peaceful harbor. Of his father, whose example, and the thoughts of whom grew upon him day by day. How that, whenever an honor was bestowed or a promotion given, his first thought was, how it would gratify his father. He spoke of his name and how proud he was to bear his father's full name. It was an incentive to his ambition, to do something to add to its worth and honor."

In an extended article in the Washington Chronicle of March 13, 1870—"In Memoriam of the Gallant Unforgotten Dead"—probably contributed by a schoolmate then in the Navy Department, is the following extract relating to the subject of this sketch: "Paymaster Thomas L. Tullock, Jr., was of noble mind, genial spirit, high toned in action and bearing, brave and true in heart, and possessing a character without a blemish. The pure and cherished name of the departed, who was lost on the ill-fated *Oneida*, on the evening of January 24, at Yokohama Bay, will live in the memory of those who knew him, as long as life shall last. He possessed all the qualities of a perfect gentleman, and, though his

young life has been taken away while in the service of his country, his name will live. He has left a proud record in the hearts of those to whom he always proved a generous friend and brother."

The Hiogo News of January 29, 1870, has a long editorial respecting the catastrophe. In it we read: "And what shall we say of those—our friends and companions, the familiar voices that were as household words, the welcome guests that sat at our boards, the smiling faces of Williams, Stewart, Tullock, Frothingham, Muldaur, Thomas, and the rest—that were wont to grace our firesides, and who will be seen among us no more. Shall we say there is a grief too sacred to cross the confines of the family circle of friends that mourn the taking-off of these young hearts in the heyday and spring-time of life? Shall we speak of the bright vista of happiness—no secret in this community—with which these toilers of the sea were wont to regale us at the joyful anticipations of home, to which they expected soon to return."

• • Yet we cannot forbear the wish that the honors of a noble death had been theirs—theirs a more fitting mausoleum than the bosom of the ocean."

Commander Stoddard, who commanded the *Adela*, bears testimony concerning him as follows: "You must feel deeply the loss of such a son, and deeply will all who had the pleasure of his friendship sympathize with you. During his cruise with us in the *Adela*, he was my constant companion. I then had the opportunity of knowing him, and appreciated his generous disposition and unswerving attachment to the arduous duties of his profession. With a happy faculty very few possess, he made friends of strangers, and I can truly say that his life was without reproach. His loss is a heavy affliction, but we are comforted with the thought that his name and deeds will ever be remembered with pride and satisfaction."

Captain I. Blakeley Creighton, now Commodore, who commanded the *Oneida* until relieved by Commander

Williams at Hong Kong, April 17, 1869, also added his tribute to the memory of the departed: "I have several times attempted to write to you, but my heart has failed me. I desire much to express my deep sympathy and sorrow for the sad fate of your noble son, who to me was a very dear friend. It may be a pleasure to you to hear from one who knew him well, and can testify to all his noble qualities. Words cannot express your sorrow, or what I feel. He was beloved by all who knew him; generous, kind and affectionate, he was without reproach, and I looked forward to his coming home, as one great happiness to me, to take him by the hand again. We will keep his memory fresh in our minds, and when we can speak of his noble character and manly virtues, the opportunity should not be lost. God must have loved him, for all that knew him loved him. We shall never see his like again. How much I think of him. It appears impossible, at times, to realize so sad a bereavement."

At the high school reunion, at Portsmouth, N. H., July 5, 1873, one of the speakers, Frank W. Hackett, Esq., late Paymaster U. S. Navy, said, in response to the sentiment, "The Navy: "Portsmouth proudly claims her share in the lustre of its achievements. But there comes up before me the vision of one young man to whom I must briefly refer. A young man known to some of you, a little younger than myself, cast in a slender mould, with a voice as sweet and delicate, almost, as that of a woman, around whom there was ever sunshine, who went forth from these streets with many a friendly clasp of the hand, and many a 'God speed,' and who stood upon the deck of the *Oneida* as she took that sudden plunge to the deep below, when was uttered that memorable sentence, '*I will not leave my post until regularly relieved.*' Then passed away Thomas L. Tullock, Jr., of the *Oneida*, and in him we see a type of the young men reared in Portsmouth, and taught in our high schools."

At a meeting of the Methodist Social

Union, of which Governor William Claflin was President, held in the Wesleyan Association Hall, on Broomfield Street, Boston, in January, 1871, Mr. Tullock was called upon to address the meeting. His closing remarks, as reported by the Boston Journal, January 16, were as follows: "As a token of my appreciation of the Methodist Theological Seminary (now Boston University), in which you are particularly interested, I donate \$1000 towards its permanent endowment, the principal to be funded, and the interest applied in sustaining the institution. I contribute not in my own name, but as desired from a dearly beloved and fondly cherished son, who was familiar with the institution before its removal from Concord, N. H., to Boston. To his memory I raise this monument, more beneficial, and I trust more enduring than granite shaft or marble tablature. I may, at a future time, add to its proportions, but I cannot do anything commensurate to his manly virtues and spirit, or expressive of my estimate of his unsullied and beautiful character. In memory of that accomplished and gallant officer, of whom I was justly proud, I dedicate the sum I have mentioned, to charity and pious teachings, in aiding indigent students preparing for the gospel ministry. In memory, therefore, of the late Paymaster, Thomas L. Tullock, Jr., a noble young man of great promise, ability and purity, who, having survived the perils of battle, storm and pestilence, was inhumanly sacrificed by the sinking of the U. S. steamer *Oncida*, in the Bay of Yokohama, Japan, on the 24th of January last, I dedicate this benefaction to this sacred cause, and send it forth on its errand of usefulness. Let it be considered as his gift, and when I am forgotten may it be performing its beneficent mission. May its influence be felt as from Him 'who, though dead, yet speaketh,' in this testimonial which I offer as a tribute to departed worth, and in testimony to my intense and unflinching affection to his precious memory. My heart is shadowed by his absence. The child of my early

love, who bore my name—my first born, whose presence was sunshine to every circle, has passed from earth. May we hope that through the infinite mercy, the great compassion, the immeasurable love of the Father and our Intercessor, he rests with the redeemed. I can say no more."

The foregoing tributes to the memory of Paymaster Tullock have been selected from published notices which appeared in the newspapers just subsequent to the disaster. Many items of interest could be added to this sketch, by reading the intensely interesting and minutely descriptive letters received from him during his absence from home, and also the sympathizing letters from many of his friends, but an instinctive reluctance to re-peruse them prevents. It would be afflictive. A sufficient number of the tributes have been given to indicate the high estimate of his friends and associates of his personal qualities as a man in the symmetrical beauty of his life.

Paymaster Tullock was warmly commended, almost from the outset, to the Navy Department, by the Fleet Paymasters under whom he served. His thorough knowledge, and the prompt and intelligent discharge of the duties of his office, placed him among the foremost of his grade. There were a large number of Acting Assistant Paymasters commissioned in the volunteer service, but he was promoted to the regular navy without being an applicant, and selected by the government solely on account of his aptitude and capacity to fill creditably the position to which he was designated. He had purposed relinquishing the service, when the war should close, and enter upon the profession he had early decided to follow—the study and practice of law. An interesting chapter could be written, tracing his movements from the time he entered the navy, but I will allude to a few only, given mainly from recollection, without recourse to his letters, which graphically describe everything occurring during his several cruises, worthy of record. Paymaster

Tullock stood deservedly high in the esteem of all his commanding officers. Regarded as a great favorite, with pleasing presence and address, he almost invariably constituted one of the party in all official visitations, journeyings, and sight-seeings.

At Rio de Janeiro, July, 1869, he was present at the grand naval ball, at the Casino, in honor of Prince Alfred of England (Duke of Edinburgh), who was at that port in command of the *Thetis*, bearing the royal standard. The Emperor of Brazil and the Royal Family, together with the diplomatists and officers of the naval vessels in the harbor, participated in the festivities—all in full dress uniforms. Prince Alfred sailed the next day, when all the men-of-war in the harbor manned yards and saluted, presenting a magnificent spectacle.

Again at Cape Town, Africa, in September, 1869, Prince Alfred arrived at that port, and was properly noticed and saluted. He came on board the *Oneida* on two or three occasions. A grand ball or reception was given by him on the 20th of September, in return of the compliments to his honor at Cape Town, to which the officers of the *Oneida* were invited.

Also, a superb banquet to the officers of the *Oneida*, by H. M. 99th, at the castle.

In company with Captain Creighton, to whom he was devotedly attached, and three other officers, in March, 1869, he was present at the audience with the First King of Siam, who, surrounded by his nobles and prime ministers, received them with great pomp and ceremony; the next day, with the Second King of the Empire, and were treated in a royal manner; also, subsequently participated in a royal elephant hunt, and were accorded great privileges in inspecting the many temples, palaces and places of renown.

They were also the recipients of distinguished attention from the Japanese authorities, and had gorgeous receptions and marked privileges. Visited Shela, or the burial place of the Tycoons—a park of large dimensions, with

broad avenues lined with magnificent old trees—a large number of exquisitely constructed temples and mausoleums, adorning the grounds. Foreigners had never been admitted to the inner park until about that time, when Sir Henry Parke, of the English Embassy and his party had preceded them.

THE "ONEIDA" MONUMENT AT YOKOHAMA

was made at Hong Kong of two massive pieces of granite, one weighing nine, the other fifteen tons, and bears the names of the twenty officers who perished when the *Oneida* sunk beneath the waves. It is in the shape of a pyramid, about fifteen feet high, and the inclination of the four faces at an angle of, perhaps, fifteen degrees. It stands in the centre of a square lot, which is surrounded by a hedge of evergreens. The front face has this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
The Officers and Men
who went down in the U. S. S. "Oneida,"
January 24, 1870,
when that vessel, homeward bound,
was sunk by the P. and O. Steamer, "Bombay,"
off Yokohama, Japan.

On the other three faces, the names of the officers appear.

Underneath the front face is a bas-relief, representing the sinking of the *Oneida*, and the *Bombay* steaming away. On the base,

Erected by the Officers and Men of the United States Asiatic Squadron.

After diligent search of forty-one days, only three bodies were recovered, viz: Commander E. P. Williams, Carpenter J. P. Pinner, First-Class Fireman Thomas Reddy, and were buried with military honors.

The three graves, covered with grass and carefully kept in order, are on one side of the obelisk, each with its head and foot stones—Commander Williams reposing in the middle grave.

Beautiful trees and shrubs grow about the enclosure, but none within it. The monument and the mounds alone tell the sad story. The situation is unsurpassed in its perfection of quiet loveliness. In the distance are hills with soft and flowing outlines, while nearer the blue waters of the Bay murmur a solemn requiem.



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The Shakers feel that they do not exceed the bounds of propriety when they claim to have originated Sarsaparilla, and request the public, as a matter of justice, to discriminate between this time honored blood purifier and remedies called Sarsaparilla, but which bear no relation to it in the variety, quality, and quantity of its ingredients. Our Shakers' Sarsaparilla is not a secret or quack remedy, nor are its ingredients withheld from those who desire to know them. Our claim to superiority is based on the growth, curing, and selection of its several roots and berries, and the care with which they are compounded.

BOSTON, July 20, 1879.

Mr. N. A. BRIGGS: *Dear Sir,*—I have sold the Shaker Sarsaparilla for the last thirty years; it has always given satisfaction. I consider it one of the best preparations of the kind made.

Yours respectfully,

A. G. WILBOR, Druggist.

Have used it myself, and sold it in my store for more than twenty years.

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As a remedy for the spring, the Shakers' Sarsaparilla is of great value, cleansing the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels, and carrying away from the system many causes of disease. It is valuable as a household medicine, being adapted to children and youth and the most delicate females; and partaken at regular intervals, it preserves the health and insures a robust constitution. Mothers are its warmest friends, and females afflicted with wasting and ulcerative forms of disease find it a truly great medicine.

Druggists are authorized to warrant as genuine every bottle bearing the signature of Thos. Corbett.

Inquire for Corbett's Shakers' Sarsaparilla.

In behalf of the Society,

NICHOLAS A. BRIGGS, Trustees.
JOSEPH WOODS,

SHAKER VILLAGE, N. H., Jan. 1, 1880.

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Consumption and Wasting Diseases.**

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MALT BITTERS combine a Food and a Medicine in the most perfect form yet devised, and commend themselves to the weak, convalescent, overworked, debilitated, nervous, sleepless, dyspeptic, bilious, sickle in appetite, irresolute in mind and subject to melancholy as the purest, safest and most powerful restorative in medicine.

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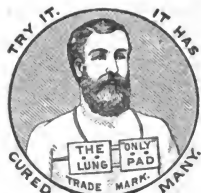
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—Ed.

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